

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review ;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

This Paper is published early every Saturday Morning. Price Sixpence; or 10d. if sent into the Country. Free of Postage, on the Day of Publication; Country and Foreign Readers may also be supplied with the unstamped Edition in Monthly or Quarterly Parts.

No. 235.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1823.

Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

Memoir of the Duke of Rovigo (M. Savary) relative to the Fate of the Duc d'Enghien. 8vo. pp. 56. London, 1823.

ALTHOUGH every year, and we might say every month, is adding some new document relative to the French revolution, yet it will be long before the secret history of that event is so fully unfolded as to enable us to speak decisively on many important subjects connected with it. The good deeds and misfortunes of princes are written on marble; their crimes and vices have a more perishable record. The death of our first Charles is honoured by our church with a service in the Litany; had he died in Catholic times he had been canonized, and Saint Charles been added to the Romish calendar; for the political character of the monarch is sunk in pity for his fate. In France, since the restoration of Louis XVIII. all the members of the royal family who fell victims to the revolution have had the honours of the church, and their deaths are kept in perpetual remembrance by masses and other solemn services; and, as if this was not sufficient, there is every now and then some new document brought forth, or some new circumstance developed, to excite sympathy for the house of Bourbon. That all this is less out of respect for the dead than in order to serve the living, few persons will doubt; and, without either affirming or denying the sincerity of the French, it must be acknowledged that they shew great willingness in yielding to the wishes of the Bourbons in every thing that regards a respect to their family.

Our readers are already acquainted with the nature and object of the 'Memoir of the Duc de Rovigo,' as we last week anticipated its appearance. In Paris it has been followed by another publication, which pretends to be a collection of unpublished documents relative to the death of the Duc d'Enghien, put forth, it is said, by Talleyrand, in answer to the 'Memoir of Sa-

vary.' The principal portion of the pamphlet is a legal article, said to be written by the French barrister, Dupin, showing that the trial, sentence, and execution of the Duc d'Enghien were all illegal, and contrary to the French code of military law. Of this there seems to have been little doubt; for the forms of proceeding, the time allowable for the prisoner to appeal against his sentence, and the publicity of the sentence, all seem to have been violated; nor is there, so far as we can judge from all the reports of the proceedings against the Duke that have been suffered to transpire, any proof that he was in the slightest degree connected with the conspiracy of Pichegru, Georges, &c. which formed the ground of accusation against him.

The publication said to have been set forth by Talleyrand contains what is called a 'Journal of the Duc d'Enghien, written by himself, and the original of which was transmitted to the First Consul, 1st Germinal, year 12.' It is a singularly uninteresting document, and it merely narrates the circumstances of his arrest and the treatment he met with the first four days. After stating that his papers had been opened, he says—'I have requested and obtained permission to add to them an explanatory note to prove that I never had any other intention than to enter into the service of some power and make war.'

Some of the French journals doubt the authenticity of this document, and really it is so unlike the appeal which an individual unjustly accused would make to those who had him in their power, that we might well suspect it of being spurious. The only point in which it can at all be considered of interest would be to ascertain if it really reached the First Consul previous to the execution of the duke, who earnestly intreated an interview with him.

That Bonaparte, whether prompted by his own fears or instigated by others, shewed a precipitancy in the affair of the Duc d'Enghien, which no circumstances could possibly justify, is evident. A neutral state was violated to seize

the prince; he was dragged precipitately to Vincennes, where a military tribunal was summoned, at midnight, before which he underwent the mockery of trial, without counsel, without witnesses, and even without having the charge against him clearly defined. The act of accusation charges him with 'having borne arms against the republic, of having been and still being a soldier of England, and of having made part of the plots, devised by the latter power, against the internal and external safety of the republic.'

Not the slightest proof was adduced of the duke having been connected with any plot, or having attempted to recover the throne of his ancestors, otherwise than by open war. In the interrogatories which he underwent in prison, and which have now, for the first time, been made public, he frankly gave an account how he had passed his time during his exile. He was asked, if he knew General Pichegru; if he had had any transactions with him?—He answered, 'I have never, I believe, seen him; I have not had any transactions with him. I know he wished to see me. I take credit to myself for not having known him, after the vile means by which they say he wished to effect his purpose, if the fact be true.' He was asked if he knew the ex-General Dumouriez, and if he had had any transactions with him?—He answered, 'Not at all; I have never seen him.' He was asked if since the peace he had not kept up a correspondence in the interior of the republic?—He answered, 'I have written to some friends, who are still attached to me, who have been in the war with me, concerning their affairs and my own.'

This was all the evidence against him; the interrogatory took place at midnight; next morning the duke was brought before the military commission of seven, at which General Hullin presided.

After having read to him the decree, the president asked him the following questions:—

Your name, age, and place of birth?—

He answered that his name was Louis Henry de Bourbon, Duc d'Enghien, born at Chantilly, Aug. 2, 1772.

He asked him if he had taken up arms against France?—He answered that he had taken part in the whole war, and that he persisted in the declaration which he had made to the Captain Reporter, and which he had signed. He moreover added, that he was ready to make war, and wished to be employed in the new war which England declared against France.

He was then asked if he was yet in the English army, he answered,—Yes, that he received from that power one hundred and fifty guineas a month.

The commission, after having read to the accused these declarations, through their president, and having asked him if he wished to add any thing by way of defence, he answered that he had nothing more to say, and persisted in his declaration.

The president caused the accused to retire; the council, deliberating with closed doors, unanimously condemned the prince to death; he was led forth at six o'clock in the morning, and shot in the ditch of the Castle of Vincennes.

That the dread of assassination did alarm Bonaparte there could be no doubt, but that a gallant prince, whose honour was a sufficient guarantee that he could not take part in plots of assassination, should be sacrificed on mere suspicion, is a crime which nothing can palliate. The Duke of Rovigo, in the Memoir to which we now more particularly turn, seeks not only to exculpate himself, but also to clear Bonaparte from all blame, which he heaps on the already too-deeply-loaded head of Talleyrand. It is, however, difficult to conceive that Talleyrand should urge his master to an act so odious, particularly as he could not feel any particular interest in the death of the Duc d'Enghien; nor, indeed, does Savary bring the charge satisfactorily home to him.

He commences with stating that all the pamphlets, written on the fatal subject, have misrepresented its causes and circumstances; he then states that he is not of the mean origin attributed to him, and gives a very brief account of himself and his services, in which he speaks highly of Napoleon; he says:—

'I belong to a family of which I may justly feel proud; my father, by long service in war, had obtained a superior rank in the cavalry; and, at the age of fifteen, I entered the *Royal Normandy* regiment of cavalry, in which he had served. The Prince de Chalais was my colonel, and I was made an officer, as having been six years a king's scholar in the royal college of Saint-Louis,

at Metz; it was then a matter of right. That appointment, and the ancient hereditary honour transmitted in families from generation to generation, were my sole patrimony.

'The revolution, then, found me in this situation, too young to be its instrument, and yet old enough to choose between good and evil. I have thus been fortunate enough to pass through it, a stranger to the calamities which it so long inflicted.

'The revolution of the 18th Brumaire took place. I had just arrived from Egypt with General Desaix, to whom I was first aide-de-camp, when, at his death, and on the field of Marengo, the First Consul attached me to his person in the same capacity (not, however, as first). I had devoted my whole existence to him in return for the benefits he heaped upon me; and if this brief recital, in clearing away an odious calumny unjustly thrown upon me, can remove the cloud by which malevolence has obscured his glory, by propagating falsehoods, it will be but a poor acknowledgment for all I owe to him.

'He was not the friend of anarchy: he had saved what remained of social order in France from destruction; and his favour was not to be courted by promoting the views of a party which he repressed with his whole power.'

He then takes notice of the plots in France against the First Consul, particularly that of Georges Cadoudal, two of whose instruments stated, that their meetings were attended by a personage whose name was unknown, but who was treated with great respect. Who this personage was, now became the subject of conjecture, and, at length, it was believed, by the French government, that it was the Duc d'Enghien, then living in the states of Baden; a person was immediately sent to seize him, and an account of his arrest will be found in our notice of 'Napoleon's Memoirs,' in another part of the present number. As a proof on how slight reasoning guilt was inferred, we shall quote, from the pamphlet before us, a short extract:—

'The prince lived in the plainest manner possible; the emigrants, assembled in the vicinity of Offenburgh, used to pay their respects to him; he invited them to his table, and perhaps gave them, occasionally, some pecuniary assistance. The pleasures of the chase, and a tender intimacy with a French lady who shared his exile, constituted all his amusements. When he hunted he often spent several successive days in that diversion; as those who are partial to this sport, and acquainted with the mountains of the Black Forest, will readily conceive.

'But the agent sent to make observations took a very different view of these circumstances: he was unable to comprehend that the prince's frequent absence, when not occasioned by the chase, was caused by his attachment to the object of his affections.

He lost no time in drawing up his report, and proceeding to Paris.

'The Duc d'Enghien, he stated, led a mysterious kind of life; he saw a great number of emigrants, who came from Offenburgh, and met at his house; he was frequently absent for eight, ten, or twelve days together; and none could discover the secret object of his journeys: it was to be inferred that he went to Paris on these occasions.'

'The first inspector of gendarmerie received this report, and carried it, himself, to the First Consul, instead of handing it to M. Real.'

Had it been fairly considered, it was impossible for the duke to have gone to Paris and back in the time, unless, indeed, he did not remain above an hour in the capital. The circumstances of the arrest and trial of the duke have been already noticed, both in our last and present article on the subject; and the Duke of Rovigo certainly exculpates himself from every charge against him; that he executed his orders, and carried into execution an odious and terrible sentence is certain, but such is the discipline of military men, that they are compelled to do it. He says,—

'I have been accused of having fastened a lantern to the duke's breast; and some execrable wretches have even spread the absurd story that I seized upon his spoils as a trophy, decked myself with his watch, and delighted to exhibit it.

'I shall answer these infamous imputations by a few plain questions, addressed to my accusers. At what period, in what month, on what day, did the trial of the Duc d'Enghien take place? In 1804, in March, on the 21st of that month. At what hour did the execution of this fatal sentence take place? At six o'clock in the morning, as indisputable documents certify. At what hour does the sun rise at that time of the year? At six o'clock. Well then was there any occasion for a lantern, at sun-rise, in the open air, in order to see a man at the distance of six paces? (I do not mean to say that the sun was bright and unclouded; a small rain had fallen throughout the night, and there still remained a damp mist which delayed the sun's appearance.) But farther, who saw me in the ditch? Was that my place? Was I elsewhere than at the head of the troops, on the esplanade, where the polygon of the artillery now stands?

The Duke of Rovigo also refutes the charge of having plundered the prince, and says, that when the body was disinterred, the remains of his watch and chain were found.

The circumstances which occurred after the execution, and Napoleon's blame of Talleyrand, were noticed in our last. The duke, in attempting to defend Napoleon, proves too much. He asks— if the First Consul had wanted to get rid

of the Duc d'Enghien, would he have carried him off from his residence? 'Might he not,' says he, 'have justified himself by the example of his adversaries, in resorting to more prompt and certain means? Is there ever any want of villains to strike at the heart of an enemy.' The duke forgets, that—odious as the transaction is,—for Bonaparte to have engaged an assassin would have been much more so; but the duke is determined to lay the whole blame on Talleyrand, and accuses him of having hurried Napoleon to this step:—

'It has been pretended that the First Consul persisted, obstinately, in committing this crime, in spite of the tears of the Empress Josephine (then Madame Bonaparte); it has been affirmed that she threw herself at his feet to obtain the pardon of the Duc d'Enghien; but all these stories were only invented to render him odious. Madame Bonaparte knew nothing of the judgment of the military commission; she had no means of hearing of it until my return to Malmaison, and then it was too late to ask for mercy.

'It is possible that Madame Bonaparte, being informed of the danger that threatened the Duc d'Enghien, may have sought to excite her husband's compassion beforehand; and this supposition is perfectly in accordance with the well-known goodness of her heart. But I think myself warranted in saying, that such was her perseverance in good actions of this kind, that she would never have desisted from her entreaties until she had obtained what she solicited.

'As to the First Consul, when his share in this tragical event is calmly considered, it is impossible to withstand the force of considerations which greatly diminish the odium attempted to be cast on him.

'Was it he who first carried his suspicions beyond the Rhine, and fixed them on the unfortunate Duc d'Enghien? No; he scarcely knew of the existence of such a person, and was totally ignorant of the place of his residence.

'Who, then, could have directed his views to that quarter? The minister charged with the department of foreign intelligence, the minister of exterior relations.'

This was Talleyrand at the time, and the duke endeavours to aid his exculpation of his master, by extracts from Las Cases's Journal and O'Meara's work. The 'Memoir of the Duke of Rovigo' is certainly curious, and will, we doubt not, be succeeded by other revelations. His accusation of Talleyrand appears to us to be far from being satisfactorily established, and to savour somewhat of malignity. We suspect the Bourbons even think so, for the cunning statesman, according to the last accounts from Paris, still figures at the levees of Louis XVIII.; but we shall have more memoirs and documents on the subject, or we are much mistaken.

A Legend of Ravenswood; and other Poems. By THOMAS MAUDE, Esq. A. B. Oxon. 8vo. pp. 109. London, 1823.

THE universities seem anxious to wipe away the reproach which they have so long lain under, of having furnished few ornaments to the literature or science of the country. It is, however, only in works of imagination that they are now making an effort; and these, though not hitherto strikingly successful, are not altogether unpromising. This remark will apply to the poems before us, which are of very unequal merit. The principal poem, the 'Legend of Ravenswood,' is avowedly taken from 'The Bride of Lammermuir.' It is a very slight sketch, and merely relates the death of Allan,—his dying injunction to Edgar, to be revenged on the foe of his house, with the struggles of the son between imbruing his hands in the blood of the father of the girl he adores and disobeying the dying prayers of a parent,—and concluding with Edgar's death, in the quicksand, 'the victim of revenge and love.' One of the opening stanzas, descriptive of the storm, possesses much poetic beauty:—

'Now in the hamlets scattered wide,
Safe from the fury of the tide,
Their inmates rude uplift the eye
Of terror to the flashing sky,—
And breathe the prayer—(Oh, hear it, Thou!
Who rul'st the storm, so maddened now,)—
Breathe the meek prayer for those at sea,
Endeared by close affinity.
Warmly they talk, aroused from sleep,
Of dear-loved friends who brave the deep,—
Recount their virtues, and deplore
Their hapless fortunes o'er and o'er.
Hoary-haired sires, who oft had ridden
O'er the wing'd, violent waves, repress
The starting tears—to flow forbidden,
Yet warm within the heart no less.
Wives—widowed by the furious main—
Gaze on the dismal watery wild,
Or to their anguished bosoms strain
Many a lovely, lisping child:—
And tearful maids, with choking sighs,
Fix on the earth their vacant eyes,
Or, muttering God's eternal name,
Look toward his heaven of clouds and flame.'

The influence of a death-bed curse is also well described:—

'Is there a curse can come more dread
Upon the soul that listens nigh,
Than that is uttered by the dead,
Or lips of one about to die?
Is there a mandate given on earth
More chilling to the heart of mirth,—
Which men more fear to disobey,
Than his, whose life is ebbing fast
To immortality away—
Whose glazing eyes now look their last
Upon the light of day?
And is not this constraining power,
Though ever strong in death's dark hour,
Most potent, most terrific then,
When part the souls of kindred men

From their clay tenement, and give,
In parting, words to those that live,
Words bodied forth with struggling breath,
Telling of vengeance e'en in death?'

The conclusion exhibits all the beauties and all the faults of Mr. Maude's muse:—

'Edgar's dark courser thunders o'er
The Northern Ocean's golden shore:
Unguided by the master's rein,
He sought the borders of the main.
Away—away! His foam is cast
Back on the wings of every blast,—
And deep his hoofs of iron dint
The smoothness of the sand imprint.
I see his limbs of fleetness moving,
His wild tail waving to and fro;
I hear the master's voice reproving,
And onward, like the wind, they go!
I see the courser's weltering side,
I hear his snorting voice of pride,
I see his flank, so spur-torn, bleed,
I see and hear—nor man nor steed!
A moment past, and they were here!
Oh! stepped they on that place of fear,
That quicksand—whose profound deceit
Oft lures to death the wanderer's feet?—
Ay!—and it gaped—and closed above
The victim of Revenge and Love!

'And Edgar's dark and lonely grave,
When upward rolls the freshening sea,
Is swept o'er by the sweeping wave,
The wild—the free;
What though that grave be in the sand,
And dug by no terrestrial hand,
Is it not better there to lie,
Beneath the glories of the sky,
Than rot within the dayless gloom,
The mummery, of the vaulted tomb?
What though no priest the office said
Above young Edgar's lifeless head,
Did not the wild bird's wilder scream
Enough like funeral anthem seem!
What though no friends bewailed around,
Watering with tears his burial-ground,
Though Edgar's was a fearful lot,
He lies forgetful—not forgot—
The ocean's voice is in the air,
Pouring a lamentation there;
And ocean's tears, for ever new,
The tomb of Ravenswood bedew.'

The miscellaneous poems are numerous, and some of them appear to have been written at an early age. One of them contains an unmanly insult on the French nation, and a very silly compliment to the infant Duc de Bordeaux, who, it appears, was not sufficiently cheered at a review, near Paris, in April, 1821. The poem, which follows it, is, however, a compensation, and we therefore quote it:—

AFFECTING INCIDENT, IN A LATE TERRIBLE SHIPWRECK.

'There was a mother, beautiful and young,
With two sweet cherub babes, in that dread
place;
And to her scarcely-beating heart they clung,
While the wild waters splashed o'er each
pale face,
And choked their weak cries—as the parent's
tongue
Of hopeless comfort, or quick prayer for
grace:

But still she strained them to her bleeding heart,
And shed no tears—although 'twas death to part.

'Oh, misery! see—she stands or sinks alone
The great sea, bellowing, tore her babes away—

Sweeping them from her with a long, loud moan,

Leaving her frantic in her lorn dismay.
And the mad, deafening winds, more wrathful grown,

Wail deathfully around, and whirl the spray
Up to the very verge of the wet sky—
Which closes black o'er each despairing eye.

'One minute—Where! She fell with clasped hands—Where?

She fell—embosomed in a swallowing wave!
She knew them gone; her breast was cold and bare,

Her limbs were palsied, and she had none to save—

So, with a shriek, she sank in her despair,
And found at once a winding-sheet and grave;

The hollow water swathed her as she fell,
And swept her to their grave she loved so well.'

Mr. Maude cannot lay much claim to originality, though he affords many instances of genius, and some of good taste: and yet some of his best passages are disfigured by a slovenliness of diction.

Friendship's Offering; or, the Annual Remembrancer, a Christmas Present or New-Year's Gift for 1824.

WE have already noticed that elegant little work, 'Forget Me Not;' we have now lying before us another candidate for public favour, of the same description. Indeed, it was to be supposed, that the example of these literary pocket-books, once introduced into this country, would find many speculators in such tasteful novelties. Our continental neighbours have long been celebrated for this species of publications; among whom are to be found every variety of them of which their plan is susceptible. Many of these have attained celebrity, not only by the tastefulness of their embellishments, but by the talent of the writers who have contributed towards the literary department; for, in Germany, authors of first-rate celebrity do not disdain to employ their pens in furnishing original materials for these miscellanies. Some of their most popular poems and tales have been thus ushered into the world; and many young and timid candidates for authorship, who would shrink from the idea of being responsible for the fate of an entire volume, here make their *debut*, and feel their way, if we may so express ourselves, to publicity.

As the pocket-books are generally intended for presents, exterior elegance

and graphic embellishment are important requisites; and of these, the one we are now considering possesses an ample share. A richly-illuminated and gilt design, consisting of an architectural composition, in the Gothic style, exhibiting painted glass, niches, canopies, &c. forms the title-page, with a similar one on the case. The pocket-book has an elegant embossed border, combining the crown with the rose, shamrock, and thistle. The remaining embellishments, which are six in number, are not fancy or historical designs, but views of the following cities, viz. Madrid, St. Sebastian, Geneva, Lausanne, Florence, and Dresden; each of which is accompanied by an interesting and well-written description, chiefly, as is stated in the preface, 'the result of personal observation.' To these succeed a variety of other articles, the principal one of which is a 'New Tale of Temper,' by Mrs. Opie. To those who are acquainted with this lady's productions, and who is not?—it will be sufficient encomium to say, that it is distinguished by that excellent moral tendency, truth of delineation, and simple and unaffected style which characterize, more or less, all her writings. This story enforces, in a way that addresses itself to every one of the fairer sex, the duty of self-command, and the value of an amiable disposition. Bad temper and ill-humour are far more destructive to loveliness than even the small-pox, but, thank Heaven, the race of scolds and termagants appears to be wearing out with that of bustling housewives and notable women, which, whatever the admirers of 'the good old times' may think of the matter, is an event at which we are by no means disposed to repine.

The remainder of the contents are of a miscellaneous nature, consisting of prose and poetry. There are also some plates of music, consisting of 'The Eve of Departure,' a canzonet for the piano, and two quadrilles. In addition to the literary contents, there are blank ruled pages for daily memorandums, so that, in this respect, the present volume differs less from the plan of annual pocket-books than the one which we before noticed. Nor must we forget to add, that there are a few enigmas, charades, and conundrums, by way of pleasing every taste. Some of these latter defy our powers of divination, but, in answer to the query—'Did you ever see a bun dance on a table?' we are Oedipus sufficient to be able to reply: yes, whenever there is plenty.—We extract the following 'Hymn to God the Eternal

and Unchangeable,' from the pen of Mrs. Opie:—

'O Thou! who read'st the secret heart,
And hear'st the sufferer's softest sigh,
When I remember that THOU ART,
I feel each care, each sorrow, fly.

'THOU ART to whom the sinner's moan
Was never yet breathed forth in vain;
THOU ART to whom each want is known,
Each hopeless wish, each fruitless pain.

'And, oh! while earthly loves grow cold,
And earthly comforts break away,
THOU ART the sufferer's certain hold,
The same through one eternal day!

'Thy smile of love beams always bright,
To cheer the contrite sinner's heart;
Nor can that soul be plung'd in night
That knows, O Lord, and feels THOU ART.'

The following lines, also, which are prefixed to the blank pages of the journal, must be allowed to be expressively appropriate:—

'Futurity, thou strange unknown!
Who dares to lift thy veil?—'tis Time alone:
Despair portrays thee with a frown;
Joy decks thee with a roseate crown;
I hail thy coming, haste to me
With olive branch of peace;
Come like a seraph, smilingly,
And bid my sadness cease.
Let Hope, amid the fairy band,
Her face in smiles display;
Lead pensive Pity by the hand,
To chase my tears away.

Then shall these leaves bear records of delight
From many a day of bliss and many a peaceful night.'

NAPOLEON'S MEMOIRS.

(Concluded from p. 709.)

It would seem, by a statement in some of the daily papers, that the 'Napoleon Memoirs' have been confounded with 'Las Cases's Memoirs;' but though both possess a very high degree of interest, they are quite distinct in their nature and character. Las Cases's work is a journal of Napoleon's conversations at St. Helena; the Memoirs form a history of the public and political life of one of the most extraordinary individuals the world has produced, dictated by himself, and corrected by his own hand. This explanation is, perhaps, unnecessary to our readers, nor should we have made it had we not understood that the mistake, as to the distinct character of the work, is frequent.

In our former notice of what for want of an English word equally appropriate we must call the third *livraison* of the 'Napoleon Memoirs,' we stated the general character of the two volumes, and gave a few extracts of a miscellaneous nature. The volume of Memoirs, as we have already stated, 'pertains to feats of broil and battle;' on these we must not dwell, for, to quote Shakspeare once more,

'Therefore little shall we grace *our* cause
In speaking for ourselves.'

We do not think sufficient credit has generally been given to Bonaparte for his conduct in the early period of the Revolution. It was he, and he alone, that triumphed over the Jacobins, who had overcome every party of France, and he it was that, by assuming the dictator, stopped that horrible sacrifice of life, which was rendering France one vast charnel-house. His conduct in Paris, when the sections took up arms, and on the 13th of Vendémiaire, pointed him out as a man made for enterprises more important, and the command of the army of Italy was given to Napoleon. We shall not, however, fight his battles over again in his campaigns there, nor quote even his own account of a country so often described as Italy. In the first sixteen days of the campaign, Bonaparte fought six successful battles, took 21 stand of colours, 55 pieces of cannon, and 15,000 prisoners. Murat and Junot, great names in the subsequent annals of Europe, were at this time aides-de-camp to Bonaparte. After the battle of Lodi,—

'Napoleon, in his nightly rounds, fell in with a bivouac of prisoners, in which was an old garrulous Hungarian officer, whom he asked how matters went with them? The old captain could not deny but that they went on badly enough; "but," added he, "there is no understanding it at all; we have to do with a young general, who is this moment before us, the next behind us, then again on our flanks; one does not know where to place oneself. This manner of making war is insufferable, and against all usage and custom."

As we are always glad when we can get hold of authentic articles of biography, or characteristic portraits of individuals, we quote Napoleon's account of some of his distinguished generals. He is speaking of the year 1797:—

'BERTHIER was then about forty-two years of age. His father, a geographical engineer, had had the honour of seeing Louis XV. and Louis XVI. occasionally, being employed to draw plans of the chases and these princes being fond of pointing out the errors they discovered in the plans, on their return from hunting. Berthier, in his youth, served in the American war as lieutenant-adjoint to Rochambeau's staff; he was a colonel at the period of the Revolution, and commanded the national guard of Versailles, where he strongly opposed Lecointre's party. Being employed in la Vendée as quarter-master-general of the revolutionary armies, he was wounded there. After the 9th of Thermidor he was quarter-master-general to General Kellerman, in the army of the Alps, and followed him to the army of Italy. He it was who caused the army to take the line of Borghetto, which stopped the enemy. When

Kellerman returned to the army of the Alps, he took Berthier with him; but when Napoleon took the command of the army of Italy, Berthier solicited and obtained the place of quarter-master-general, in which capacity he constantly followed Napoleon in the campaigns of Italy and Egypt. He was afterwards minister at war, major-general of the grand army, and prince of Neufchatel and Wagram. He married a Bavarian princess, and was loaded with favours by Napoleon. His activity was extraordinary; he followed his general in all his reconnoitring parties and all his excursions, without in the least neglecting his official duties. He was of an irresolute character, unfit for a principal command, but possessed of all the qualifications of a good quarter-master-general. He was well acquainted with the map, understood the reconnoitring duty perfectly; attended personally to the despatch of orders; and was thoroughly trained to presenting the most complicated movements of an army with perspicuity. There was an attempt made, at first, to disgrace him with his general, by describing him as Napoleon's mentor, and asserting that it was he who directed operations; but this did not succeed. Berthier did all in his power to silence these reports, which rendered him ridiculous in the army. After the campaign of Italy, he had the command of the army ordered to take possession of Rome, where he proclaimed the Roman republic.'

* * * * *

'MASSENA was born at Nice, and entered the French service in the royal Italian regiment; he was an officer at the commencement of the revolution. He advanced rapidly, and became a general of division. In the army of Italy, he served under the generals in chief Dugommier, Dumorbion, Kellerman, and Scherer. He was of a hardy constitution, and an indefatigable character; night and day on horseback amongst rocks and mountains, the warfare peculiar to which he was particularly acquainted with. He was resolute, brave, intrepid, full of ambition and pride; his distinguishing characteristic was obstinacy; he was never discouraged. He neglected discipline, and took little care of the affairs of the army, for which reason he was not much beloved by the soldiers. He used to make very indifferent dispositions for an attack. His conversation was uninteresting; but on the report of the first cannon, amongst balls and dangers, his ideas gained strength and clearness. If defeated, he began again as if he had been victorious. After the campaign of Italy, he was commissioned to carry the preliminaries of Leoben to the Directory. During the campaign of Egypt, he was commander-in-chief of the army of Helvetia, and saved the republic by winning the battle of Zurich. He was afterwards a marshal, duke of Rivoli, and prince of Essling.'

* * * * *

'AUGEREAU, who was born in the faubourg Saint Marceau, was a serjeant when the revolution broke out. He must have been

a distinguished sub-officer, for he was selected to go to Naples to instruct the Neapolitan troops. He at first served in la Vendée. He was made a general in the army of the Eastern Pyrenees, where he commanded one of the principal divisions. On the peace with Spain he led his division to the army of Italy, and served in all the campaigns of that army, under Napoleon, who sent him to Paris on the occasion of the 18th of Fructidor. The Directory afterwards gave him the chief command of the army of the Rhine. He was incapable of conducting himself in this capacity, being uninformed, of a narrow intellect, and little education; but he maintained order and discipline amongst his soldiers, and was beloved by them. His attacks were regular, and made in an orderly manner; he divided his columns judiciously, placed his reserves with skill, and fought with intrepidity; but all this lasted but a day; victor or vanquished, he was generally disheartened in the evening, whether it arose from the peculiarity of his temper, or from the deficiency of his mind in foresight and penetration. In politics he was attached to Babeuf's party, that of the most decided anarchists, and he was surrounded by a great number of them. He was nominated a deputy to the Legislative Body in 1798, engaged in the intrigues of the Manège, and frequently made himself ridiculous. The members of that society were not devoid of information: nobody could be less adapted than Augereau for political discussions and civil affairs, with which, however, he was fond of meddling. Under the empire, he became duke of Castiglione, and marshal of France.'

* * * * *

'BESSIERES, who was born in Languedoc, served originally in the 22d chasseurs, in the army of the Eastern Pyrenees. He possessed a cool species of bravery, was calm amidst the enemy's fire; his sight was excellent; he was much habituated to cavalry manœuvres, and peculiarly adapted to command a reserve. In all the great battles he will be seen to render the greatest services. He and Murat were the first cavalry officers in the army, but of very opposite qualities. Murat was a good vanguard officer, adventurous and impetuous; Bessieres was better adapted for a reserve, being full of vigour, but prudent and circumspect. From the period of the creation of the guides, he was exclusively intrusted with the duty of guarding the general-in-chief and the head-quarters. He was afterwards duke of Istria, marshal of the empire, and one of the marshals of the guard.'

The battle of Arcole is said to have been one of the most obstinately contested engagements ever known. It commenced about nine o'clock in the morning:—

'Massena, who was intrusted with the left dyke, having allowed the enemy to get fairly upon the dyke, made a desperate charge, broke his column, repulsed him

with great loss, and took a number of prisoners. The same thing happened on the dyke of Arcole. As soon as the enemy had passed the elbow of the road, he was charged and routed by Augereau, leaving prisoners and cannon in the victor's hands: the marsh was covered with dead. It became of the utmost importance to gain possession of Arcole, for, by debouching thence on the enemy's rear, we should have seized the bridge of Villa-Nuova over the Alpon, which was his only retreat, and established ourselves there before it could be occupied against us; but Arcole withstood several attacks. Napoleon determined to try a last effort in person; he seized a flag, rushed on the bridge, and there planted it; the column he commanded had reached the middle of the bridge, when the flanking fire and the arrival of a division of the enemy frustrated the attack; the grenadiers, at the head of the column, finding themselves abandoned by the rear, hesitated, but being hurried away in the flight, they persisted in keeping possession of their general: they seized him by his arms and by his clothes, and dragged him along with them amidst the dead, the dying, and the smoke; he was precipitated into a morass, in which he sunk up to the middle, surrounded by the enemy. The grenadiers perceived that their general was in danger; a cry was heard of "*Forward, soldiers, to save the General!*" These brave men immediately turned back, ran upon the enemy, drove him beyond the bridge, and Napoleon was saved. This was the day of military devotedness. Lannes, who had been wounded at Governolo, had hastened from Milan; he was still suffering; he threw himself between the enemy and Napoleon, covering him with his body, and received three wounds, determined never to abandon him. Muiron, Napoleon's aide-de-camp, was killed in covering his general with his own body. Heroic and affecting death! Belliard and Vignoles were wounded in rallying the troops forward. The brave General Robert was killed—he was a soldier who never shrunk from the enemy's fire.

The following is a brief notice of a general whose early fortunes were very similar to those of Bonaparte:—

'**JOUBERT**, who was born in the department of the Aisne (formerly Bresse), had studied for the bar; the revolution induced him to adopt the profession of arms. He served in the army of Italy, and was successively made a brigadier-general and general of division. He was tall and thin, and seemed naturally of a weak constitution; but he had strengthened his frame amidst fatigues, camps, and mountain warfare. He was intrepid, vigilant, and active. In November 1796, he was made a general of division, to succeed Vaubois. He had the command of the corps of the Tyrol. It will be seen that he acquired honour in the campaigns of Germany. He was much attached to Napoleon, who sent him to the Directory, in November 1797, with the colours taken by the army of Italy. In

1799 he engaged in the intrigues of Paris, and was appointed general-in-chief of the army of Italy, after the defeat of Moreau. He then married the daughter of the senator Semonville. He fell gloriously at the battle of Novi. He was still young, and had not acquired all the experience necessary. His talents were such that he might have attained great military renown.

The volume of '*Historical Miscellanies*' is devoted to a critical estimate and account of the campaigns of Marshal Turenne and Frederic II. As we confess that we

—'Never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knew,
More than a spinster,'

we shall not enter on this subject farther than by quoting Napoleon's estimate of the military character of Frederic the Great; as Prussia,—for the want of a really great man—calls one of her kings:

'The success obtained by the king in this war has been attributed to a new order of tactics, in battle, said to have been invented by him, and called the oblique order. In the course of the seven years' war Frederic fought ten battles in person and six by his lieutenant, including the affairs of Maxen and Landshut. Of the former he won seven and lost three; and of the latter he gained one and lost five. Thus out of sixteen battles Prussia won eight and lost eight. In none of these battles did the king ever make use of any new tactics; he did nothing but what has been practised by other generals, ancient and modern, in all ages.

'But what is this oblique order? Its advocates vary in their accounts of it. Some of them say that all the manœuvres made by an army, either on the eve or on the day of a battle, to reinforce its line on its right, its centre, or its left, or even to get into the rear of the enemy, belong to the oblique order. In that case Cyrus manœuvred in the oblique order at Thymbria, the Belgian Gauls at the battle of the Sambre against Caesar, and Marshal Luxembourg at Fleurus, who took advantage of a height to turn the enemy's right; Marlborough manœuvred in this order at Hochstett, Prince Eugene at Ramillies and Turin, and Charles XII. at Pultowa. There was hardly ever a battle, ancient or modern, in which the general who attacked did not reinforce his columns of attack, either by a greater number of troops, or by placing grenadiers, or by a great number of cannon. If Frederic had invented this manœuvre, he must have been the inventor of war itself, which, unfortunately, is as old as the world.'

After critically examining Frederic's principal battles, Napoleon says—

'Old Frederic laughed in his sleeve at the parades of Potsdam, when he perceived young officers, French, English, and Austrian, so infatuated with the manœuvre of the oblique order, which was fit for nothing but to gain a few adjutant-majors a reputation. A profound examination of the manœuvres of this war ought to have enlight-

ened these officers; and what should have completely dispelled their illusion is, that Frederic never manœuvred but by lines and by the flank; never by deployments.

'On the whole there is nothing of a peculiar or novel description in any of these ten battles. The king lost several of them through his rashness in executing flank marches before an army in position. His experience at Kollin and Zorndorf, Marshal Lehwald's at Jagendorf, General Wedel's at Kay, and that of the Prince of Soubise at Rosbach, have proved the danger of such operations.

'Some French officers, admirers of the oblique order (Guibert for one), have carried the illusion so far as to pretend that the detachments made by Duke Ferdinand at Creveldt and Wilhemsthal, on the flanks of the French army, were brilliant corollaries of the oblique order, in contempt of this principle: *Do not leave any interval between the different corps of your line of battle, through which the enemy may penetrate.* If, notwithstanding the violation of this principle, he was successful, it was only because the Count de Clermont commanded the French.'

The supplement to the work, or rather to the first two volumes of the *Historical Miscellanies*, is curious. It proves that the expedition to Egypt originated with Napoleon.

There is also a curious letter from Moreau to Napoleon, dated March 27, 1798, on the subject of the invasion of England, stating that there are few Frenchmen who have not been long desirous of it, and few who do not feel confident of its success, since Bonaparte commands it. Moreau suggests, as the superiority of our navy might interrupt the communications with France, were the army landed, that their cannon should be the same size as our's, in order that they might 'procure ammunition by the captures that would be made, either in the arsenal or in battle.'—Several of the documents in the Appendix relate to the arrest and death of the Duc d'Enghein, which we shall have another opportunity of noticing; we cannot, however, avoid copying the report of Citizen Charlot, relative to the arrest of the duke, which is addressed to General Moncey, and dated 15th March, 1804; it is as follows:—

'General,—It is now two hours since I returned into this town from the expedition to Ettenheim in the electorate of Baden, whence, with a detachment of gendarmerie and a party of the 22d dragoons, I have, by the orders of Generals Ordener and Fririon, brought off the persons whose names are as follow:

'Louis Antoine Henri de Bourbon, Duke d'Enghein;
'General the Marquis de Thumery;
'Colonel the Baron Grunstein;

'Lieutenant Schmidt;

'The Abbé Wemborn, formerly proctor of the bishopric of Strasburg.

'The Abbé Michel, secretary to the bishopric of Strasburg, (beyond the Rhine) and secretary to the Abbé Wemborn; this latter is French, as Wemborn is.

'The Duke d'Enghien's secretary, named Jacques.

'Feraud (Simon) valet de chambre to the duke.

'Poulain (Pierre) servant to the duke.

'Joseph Cannon, ditto.

'The General Dumouriez, who was said to reside with Colonel Grunstein, is no other than the Marquis de Thumery abovementioned, who occupied an apartment on the ground-floor, in the house inhabited by Colonel Grunstein, whom I arrested at the duke's house, where he had slept. I am indebted to the colonel for the honour of writing to you at this moment. The duke being informed that his lodgings were surrounded, seized a double-barrelled gun, and levelled it at me as I was desiring several persons, who were at the duke's windows, to open the door to me, and threatening that, if they did not, I would carry off the duke by force. Colonel Grunstein prevented him from firing, by saying, "My Lord, have you involved yourself?" The latter having answered in the negative, "Well," said Grunstein, "all resistance is useless, for we are surrounded, and I perceive a great number of bayonets; it appears that this is the commanding officer. Recollect that by killing him you would ensure your own destruction and ours." I well remember hearing the words *This is the commanding officer*: but I was far from supposing my life in such imminent danger, as the duke has since repeatedly declared to me it was. At the moment of the duke's apprehension, I heard a cry of fire! (a German signal.) I immediately went to the house in which I expected to arrest Dumouriez; and on my way I heard the cry of fire! repeated in several directions. I stopped a person who was going towards the church, probably to sound the tocsin; and at the same time I satisfied the inhabitants of the place, who were running out of their houses in consternation, by saying, "It is all by your sovereign's consent:" an assurance which I had already given to his master of the hunt, who had hastened to the duke's lodgings on the first cries that were heard. On reaching the house in which I expected to seize Dumouriez, I arrested the Marquis de Thumery. I found this house in a state of tranquillity, which removed my anxiety, and invested as I had left it before I proceeded to the duke's.

'The other arrests were effected without noise. I made enquiries to ascertain whether Dumouriez had appeared at Ettenheim, and was assured that he had not. I presume the idea of his having been there must have arisen from confounding his name with that of General Thumery.

'To-morrow I shall look into the papers which I have hastily brought off from the prisoners' houses, and shall then have the honour to make my report thereon to you.

I cannot too highly applaud the firm and distinguished conduct of Quarter-master Pfersdorff in this affair. He is the person whom I sent the day before to Ettenheim, and who pointed out to me the lodgings of our prisoners: he stationed all the videttes, in my presence, at the outlets of the houses they occupied, and which he had reconnoitred the preceding day. At the moment when I was summoning the duke to yield himself prisoner to me, Pfersdorff, at the head of several gendarmes and dragoons of the 22d regiment, penetrated into the house by the back part, by getting over the walls of the court-yard: these were the men perceived by Colonel Grunstein, at sight of whom he prevented the duke from firing at me. I solicit, general, the brevet of a lieutenant for Quarter-master Pfersdorff, for which place he was proposed at the last review of the Inspector-general Wyrion. He is in all respects fit to be promoted to that rank. Generals Ordener and Caulaincourt will mention this sub-officer to you; and what they will say to you, respecting him, leads me to hope that you will take into serious consideration the favour I ask of you for him. I have to add that this sub-officer has informed me that he was particularly seconded by the gendarme Henne, of the brigade of Barr. As Pfersdorff speaks several languages, I should hope his promotion would not remove him from the squadron.

'The Duke d'Enghien has assured me that Dumouriez has not been at Ettenheim: that he might possibly, nevertheless, have been charged to bring him instructions from England; but that he should not have received him, because his rank did not allow of his holding communication with such people; that he esteemed Bonaparte as a great man, but that, being a prince of the house of Bourbon, he had vowed an implacable hatred against him, as well as against the French, with whom he would wage war on all occasions.

'He is extremely fearful of being taken to Paris; and I believe that, in order to carry him thither, he must be very vigilantly guarded. He expects that the First Consul will confine him, and says he repents his not having fired on me, as that would have decided his fate by arms.

'The Chief of the 33th squadron of National Gendarmerie,

(Signed.) CHARLOT.'

Here we close the third section of the 'Napoleon Memoirs,' with a hope that, if they continue equally interesting, they will not terminate until Napoleon has fully revealed himself, and given us the secret history of his whole life.

The British Warblers. An Account of the Genus Sylvia. By ROBERT SWEET, F. L. S.

THE British birds belonging to the genus *Sylvia* are principally birds of passage, that visit this country in the spring

and leave it again in the autumn; of these the nightingale is justly the most admired for its sweet and melodious note. It has been generally supposed that they cannot be well kept in confinement, but Mr. Sweet points out a way in which it may be done with almost as much ease as any of our native birds of song. In winter they require a great deal of warmth, and may be fed with a mixture of hempseed and bread, bruised together in boiling water; insects are good for them, or during the absence of these, in winter, the yolk of an egg boiled hard. We have no wish to make our readers bird-fanciers, though Mr. Sweet's book would be a good step towards it, for it is a sensible volume; familiarly written, and free from technicalities, we shall, however, close with a brief extract relating to the nightingale, which is universally acknowledged to be the first of British warblers.

'The nightingale is easily taken in a trap. As it generally seeks its food in fresh ground, it is only to clear away a place, and stir up the ground a little, near where it sings or frequents, then set the trap near it, baited with a living insect, and it is almost certain to be caught. Birds caught early in spring, if put in an aviary with other tame ones, will sing in a few days: those caught the latter part of summer will begin singing in November, if young ones; but the old ones will seldom begin till February.'

'These birds when in confinement are very restless at the seasons of their usual migration from one country to another; at the time that they are leaving this country in autumn, about twice during the winter, and again when they are returning in spring. From their agitation at various times in winter, it may be concluded, that they visit more than one country after their departure from this: it is very curious to see them, when in that state: their restlessness seems to come on them all at once, and, generally, in the evening; when they are sitting seemingly quite composed, they start up suddenly, and flutter their wings; sometimes flying direct to the top of the cage, or aviary, at other times, running backwards and forwards on their perches, continually flapping their wings, and looking upwards all the time; nor will they notice any thing that is going forward, as long as they continue in that state, which lasts for an hour or two at each time. By their always wishing to fly upwards, it may be supposed, that, when they first take their flight, they mount direct upwards to a great height, so that they can direct their course the better, by seeing the way clear all around them: their agitation generally lasts on them about a fortnight; sometimes more, and sometimes less; in the spring it seems strongest on them; at that season, they will sometimes flutter about the whole of the night, and sleep a great part of the day.'

Ferdinand VII.: a Dramatic Sketch of the recent Revolution in Spain. Translated from the Spanish of DON MANUEL SERRATEA. 8vo. pp. 253. London, 1823.

THERE is a time and a season for all things. Unfortunately for us, that time has passed before we have noticed the drama of 'Ferdinand VII.', which makes the constitutionalists triumphant at the very moment when they are crushed and seeking dishonourable graves in any place of refuge that offers. No person need feel surprised at an author choosing Ferdinand VII. for the subject of a drama, since his eventful life affords materials enough for every species of composition: his embroidering a petticoat for the Virgin Mary was of itself enough for a five act comedy, and every one knows, that his swearing to maintain the constitution was quite a farce; then, as to tragedy, if he has not already supplied materials enough, the public may be assured they will not long be wanting: whether he may end with becoming the victim of, as he has long been an actor in a tragic scene, we know not; but, certainly, of all the 'Lord's anointed,' there is not one whose fate, whatever it may be, would excite so little sympathy as that of Ferdinand VII.

Our author has happily, however, condensed into one drama what we wished to expand into half a dozen. He begins with the petticoat, which the king has embroidered, and which he gives to the Cardinal de Bourbon, who is charged with the office of lady's maid to the Virgin, at Toledo. The unmannerly cardinal wants his mission 'to lag upon the heels of time,' forgetting that the king's business requires haste.

Then we have brought on the tapis all the royal family, and almost the whole court of Spain, who are marshalled as ultras and liberals. A principal actor in the liberal party is a bishop, whose name the author conceals, with as much care as if he had prophesied the result of the fall of Cadiz, and feared to involve him in Ferdinand's revenge. Ballasteros is also brought forward, and some English emissary, (little Waddington, we suspect,) who has been sent to Spain, with a bundle of 'The Political House that Jack Built' and 'The Man in the Moon:' these the grand inquisitor consigns to the flames, instead of the Englishman, as our readers, no doubt, expected; but they must recollect, that *autos da fé* are not fashionable under constitutional governments. We were going to enter into further details, but, as the member for

Coventry says, 'we think we have said enough,' and, therefore, if any person has more money than wit, and wishes to know something more of the drama of 'Ferdinand VII.' we refer him to his bookseller.

Goldsmith's Histories of Greece, Rome, and England. Abridged for the use of Schools and Private Classes. New Editions. *The History of Scotland, from the earliest Period, to the Visit of his Majesty.* By ROBERT SIMPSON. Edinburgh, 1823.

THE rivalry which formerly existed between England and Scotland is evidently changed in its object; the struggle is now for superiority, in arts, not in arms, and the sword is exchanged for the pen. In works of imagination and science the Scotch have long bearded us, and in those of a less imposing, but not less important character—elementary works, they seem determined to dispute every inch of ground with us. If we wanted any proof of Scotch determination in this, the four volumes of history, by Mr. Simpson, would furnish it.

The first of these volumes (for they are distinct and unconnected) that claims our attention, is the history of Greece, abridged by Goldsmith; but with the addition of an able introduction, descriptive of the geography of Greece, the military character, religious and political institutions, manners, customs, &c. of the Greeks. This introduction, though written in a style which a school-boy may understand, contains so comprehensive a view of the subject, clothed in such good language, that the matured student, or even the reader whose studies have long since terminated, may read it to advantage.

The principal feature in the 'History of Rome' is one which belongs to the whole of Mr. Simpson's histories,—that of having exercises or questions on each section; and these are so arranged that the master on reading the question sees the reference to that part of each chapter which contains the answer.

The 'History of England,' abridged by Goldsmith, needs not our praise; and it is no small compliment to Mr. Simpson to say, that his continuation of it is worthy of the original.—The 'History of Scotland' is the most complete work of its size and price we have seen. It contains a corrected view of the history of that country, the early period of which is so fertile in events of interest, traced with accuracy and impartiality from the earliest period to the present time, including even an account of his

Majesty's visit to Scotland last summer. Considerable pains have been taken with this volume to avoid every thing of party feeling.

To the master who wishes his pupils to be readily acquainted with what all should know, and to the parent who is anxious that his children should learn history through an honest and impartial medium, we recommend Simpson's Editions of the Histories of Greece, Rome, England, and Scotland.

Original.

ON THE PROBABILITY OF A PASSAGE TO THE NORTH POLE.

By M. Malte Brun.

THE following observations on Arctic discoveries were written by M. Malte Brun, soon after the return of Capt. Ross's expedition; and, although some of his conjectures have been set at rest by the more recent expeditions of Captains Parry and Franklin, yet they still possess a high degree of interest, as the opinions of the first geographer of the age, particularly as they have not yet appeared in English, although noticed by us more than four years ago*. They are translated from a work, entitled '*Coup d'Œil sur les Découvertes Géographiques, qui restent à faire et sur les Meilleurs Moyens de les effectuer.*' Par M. Malte Brun.

'We already know enough of the two hemispheres, into which the equator divides our globe, to be able, with certainty, to consider them as very opposite in their natural construction. One of these halves of the globe is aquatic, the other is terrestrial. In the southern hemisphere, we know of only 1,600,000 square leagues of land; whilst in the northern hemisphere, the extent of known lands is 5,000,000 square leagues. Is it not therefore probable, that the portion of each, which remains concealed from our view behind a barrier of perpetual ice, resembles the whole of what is known to us, and that land predominates round the north pole as water does round the south? This difference in the two extremities of our planet, is perhaps to be traced to a mechanical cause: namely, the more considerable relative flatness of the southern hemisphere, which appears to indicate the measure of a bow of the meridian, formed near the Cape of Good Hope, and still more certainly, the more rapid increase of the terrestrial weight towards the South Pole, shown by the observation of a pendulum†. A celebrated geometrician, the Marquis of Laplace, seems to consider this fact as rendered very probable by the analogy of other celestial bodies, generally composed of two unequal halves. Perhaps, also, the

* *Literary Chronicle*, No 23.

† Wrede, on the singularity of the centre weight of the globe, in the *Mem. des Amis de la Nature*, of Berlin, vol. 3.

direction of the astronomical winter, seven days longer in the southern hemisphere, has prevented the organic forces of nature, the vital principle of the globe, from developing itself with the same activity as towards the North Pole, as many general phenomena would give us reason to think, among others, the paleness and rareness of southern auroras, compared with the brilliancy and frequency of those lights, which, under the name of aurora borealis, crown the North Pole.

Whatever may be the truth, as it respects these bold speculations, we can offer more easy reasoning on the North Pole. How shall we explain, satisfactorily, the extreme cold of North America, and those continual dry and freezing winds, which, in winter, prevail in the United States, to the very confines of the region where the mild trade winds predominate? A great extent of land towards the Pole gives this temperature to America; whilst Europe owes its advantages to a directly opposite circumstance, the existence of an open sea, which divides it from the Polar regions. This reason alone is sufficient to make the balance incline; but, to this, let us add the appearance of foxes and rein deer, or, rather, of the karibos, at Spitsbergen, during the summer months; let us enquire how these animals arrive thither, and how they return, and then let us dare to doubt the existence either of perpetual ice or extended land, in those spaces where some blindly suppose only a Polar sea.

The discovery of an elevated and extensive land of one hundred miles, at the north-east of Spitzbergen, in 1717, by Gillis, the Dutchman, has ever been doubted; the Dutch maps contain it from his own instructions; and Mr. Barrington mentions his voyage as a proof of the possibility of approaching nearer to the Pole. But is not this land an extremity of America?

Those who so lightly reject every indication of the existence of lands round the North Pole, equally deny that the sea may be frozen, but the former observations of Wood and the recent ones of Scoresby, prove that the ice planes are formed by the congelation of sea-water. Mr. Scoresby, who has frequented these seas a great deal, thinks, that if there is a Polar sea, it is covered by an arch of ice*.

The result of ancient and modern voyages is by no means favourable to an idea of the existence of this sea, or at least of its being navigable. The most able and intrepid navigators, from Hudson to Mulgrave, have not been able to penetrate between Spitsberg and Greenland, beyond the 80th parallel. What proof have we of the reality or correctness of the pretended course of Captain Monson and some other Dutch captains, who, according to the account of the English Captain Gould†, went as far as the Pole? We cannot doubt the fact of Dutch navigators having visited this coast to the north of Iceland, where the lands of *Edam* and *Gal-Hamke*, and other lands, said

* Scoresby, on the Polar Sea, in the proceedings of the Wernerian Society, Edinburgh.
† Goulden.—ED.

(improperly perhaps) to communicate with Greenland, are situated; but who can avoid reflecting, that the care with which the Dutch geographers have collected these discoveries proves precisely the non-existence of the ulterior discoveries? If the Dutch captains, or others, have given authentic details respecting these coasts, why did they not do the same with respect to their course to the Pole, if they ever went there?

It is easy to conceive how navigators imagine higher latitudes than they ever reached. Let us only reflect on the extreme irregularity of the loadstone in these seas, and consider that one of the magnetic poles of the globe, may be placed so, that at eighty degrees of latitude, the needle may stand full south. Let us recollect to mind the geometrical value of each degree of longitude, the converging of the meridians, the extreme difficulty of observing the *circumpolar* stars, if we proceed constantly; and the oblique position of the sun, if we proceed only in the day time. Let us also add, the but little known effects of horizontal refraction, and it will appear evident, perhaps, that beyond the 80th degree, a skilful seaman would have much trouble in ascertaining precisely the situation of his vessel. What, then, would be the situation of the navigator under the Pole? The ordinary indications of the nautical art would here fall short; all the points of the globe would be equally south to him*; nothing would enable him to trace his route east or west; his first steps, in any direction, must be the result of chance; in a word, he might return from the Pole, without very well knowing that he had been there. We may, therefore, judge of the faith to be attached to the whalers, who pretend to have sailed round the Pole, or to have been two degrees beyond it.

From these considerations, it appears that the expeditions to the Pole, or in the Polar seas, should be differently disposed to what they are.

The operation which appears to promise success would be to explore by land, as far as possible, the extent of America and Greenland. Since the Esquimaux tribes newly discovered to the north of Baffin's Bay, use sledges, constructed of whalebone and drawn by dogs, and proceed in them to the north, it must be surely possible to follow the route of these savages and discover how far the land extends which they inhabit. By leaving a coast situated at 78 degrees latitude, there would be a hope of reaching the Poles, which is only 300 leagues distant. If an arm of the sea should stop the progress of the travellers, it would be proper to ascertain the direction of it in order to indicate it to navigators.

Another terrestrial expedition should leave the factories of Hudson's company and

* In Captain Parry's first voyage, when the vessels had proceeded some way in Lancaster Sound, the directing power of the needle was overcome by the attraction of the ships; and the North Pole of the needle, in Capt. Kater's steering compass, was observed to point steadily towards the ships head, in whatever direction the latter was paced.—ED.

proceed direct by the lake or gulph seen by Hearne, and after having examined the right and left banks, turn to the north-east to reach the south banks of Baffin's Bay. This step which has nothing very difficult or extraordinary in it, would decide an important question, namely—to ascertain the termination of the branch of the sea without name to the east of Southampton Island, explored in 1631 by Captain Fox, and which presents, much more than Baffin's Bay, the probability of a passage to the north-west. The space of sea and land between Hudson's Bay and Baffin's Bay, has been strangely overlooked. It is the more important to examine it, as the recent expedition of Captain Ross, by placing Cape Walsingham in the pretended *James's Island*, more to the east, has increased by 100 nautical leagues the extent of this almost unknown intermediate region.

A third expedition would require more means and meet with more obstacles. This expedition, after having fallen down Mackenzie's River, should sail along the northern coast of the continent to Behring's Straights, or rather to the frozen cape, which was the limit of Cook's researches. As it is possible (and in our opinion probable), that the continent, in this part, extends to an immense distance in the north and north-west, this expedition might be involved in dangers and difficulties the more dreadful on account of the distance from civilized countries. It is quite possible that the coast of the gulph, seen by Mackenzie, extends to the north instead of the west, and, consequently, the expedition, in order to follow its course, might be forced to proceed towards the Pole instead of Behring's Straits. At any event, it would be proper for another terrestrial expedition, to leave the straits in question, and advance in the direction of the mouth of Mackenzie's River, to meet the first. It is almost unnecessary to add, that England and Russia are the only powers which could secure the means of executing these undertakings. It belongs also to England and Russia to explore those distant and inhospitable regions, where soon the fur-merchant of Canada and the Russian promychlenick, of Kadjak, might meet armed, after having exterminated the animals, and subjected the savage tribes with brandy. Who, knows, however, whether the western extremity of America does not contain some warlike tribes, resembling the race of Tchouckchis, and who would successfully defend the entrance of their mountains. Such an obstacle would of course destroy the object of the expedition.

According to the results of these travels by land, the most proper direction of maritime expeditions, in search of a north-west passage, might be ascertained. We are persuaded, that, even supposing the existence of an arm of the sea, or a chain of straits to the north of America, the information obtained by these expeditions, would lead to an abandonment of every effort to navigate these with ships, on account of the ice, which must obstruct it. The only certain mode in these arms of the sea, which are ne-

cessarily narrow, would be ice-boats, such as are used in winter to cross the straits of the Baltic. It is not sufficient for these boats to be strong, they must be so constructed, as to slip over the ice like sledges. These amphibious vessels, if we may be allowed the expression, appear very proper for the polar coasts of America. But would it be possible to transport any considerable number of them? The *Baidares* of the Kamtchadales and Aleutians offer another advantage: their lightness admits of their being conveyed over necks of narrow land; it was in them that M. Otto de Kotzebue was to have pursued his route to the north of Behring's Straits, when his illness obliged him to renounce the project.

'In vain will the recent voyage of Capt. Ross be opposed to these observations. This navigator, after having verified the existence of Baffin's Bay and the surrounding lands, and done honour to the memory of one of the most skilful seamen of the 17th century, reached the *entrances of Jones and Lancaster*, where he found the water entirely free from ice, although in the seventy-fifth and seventy-sixth degrees of latitude. We may, therefore, have some hope, that if a passage really exists, it will be found navigable. One might precisely, with a little closer logic, conclude, from this absence of ice, the non-existence of the passage; for, if the upper part of Baffin's Bay is less obstructed with ice than Davis's Straits, it is, because it is without communication with any other polar basin, and is thus sheltered from the currents which accumulate the ice on the eastern coast of Greenland, and receives no great river, whose waters could convey any considerable quantity of ice. Capt. Ross has, therefore, considered *Jones's Entrance* and that of *Lancaster* as close bays; we shall see, by the result of the next expedition, if his antagonists have been able to prove him in error.

'What we propose respecting a North-West Passage, is already partly performed, with respect to the North-East Passage. The Russians have explored all the northern coasts, either on foot or in sledges, and light and flat bottomed boats. The Siberian banks incontestably form one of the two coasts of the North-East Passage. This passage is then *discovered*, and it is very improper to speak of seeking a North-East Passage, when, in fact, we only seek the means of passing through it with ships. But the shallow sea which waters the banks of Siberia appears, at a small distance from land, to be filled with fixed or floating ice. This icy surface even unites the two continents to the north of Behring's Straits. The observation made by Billings and Sauer, that the water of the sea to the north of Kowyma is sweet, evidently proves that it must form a narrow basin, surrounded by lands abounding in rivers. From the same persons we learn, that, where the current came from the east, or the strait, the water became salt; but, adopting this fact as an indication of the rupture of the ice, and wishing to profit by it, they soon again encountered that insurmountable barrier, which appears to be

open only at short and unfrequent intervals.

'This is the obstacle which has hitherto arrested the progress of navigators. By keeping close to Siberia, they will certainly not escape it; but what route can they take? Twice have the English proceeded direct to Spitsberg, flattering themselves with the hope of finding to the north of this island an open sea, which would take them to Behring's Straits; and twice has the motionless barrier of winter visited these masters of the ocean. The almost certain existence of a land or archipelago, uniting Spitsberg to America by the north-east, leaves but little chance of success to those who still wish to follow that direction.

'Wood, the Englishman, and Beerents and Heemskirk, the Dutchmen, have, with more reason, attempted the route between Spitsberg and New-Zembla; but, as they set out either too late, or in an unfavourable year, they were unable to pass the eastern point. Every one has heard of the unfortunate Dutchmen, and their wintering in the midst of Polar snows. But this very circumstance should operate as an important piece of knowledge with their successors. A navigator, anxious to arrive at Behring's Straits by the north-east, should set out from Spitsberg or New Zembla; for, considering the annual variations in the time of the breaking of the ice, it is not sufficient to arrive early in the Polar seas, but he should be there from the winter, in order to profit by the favourable moment. Perhaps, at a time least expected, currents of salt water from the ocean, rush into the Polar seas, and replace the fresh water supplied by the great rivers of Siberia and America: the disposition to freeze becomes therefore at such a period less sensible, and if any sudden wind should break, and drive to a distance the fixed ice, an open passage might be formed, and maintain itself even in the most dangerous season; but the least change of wind, the least variation of the currents, might suddenly bring back the ice, and the space of a few hours replace the barrier. This phenomenon, so frequent in the Sound and the Baltic, must be still more so in the frozen zone.'

(To be concluded in our next).

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

OF all the plans ever invented for hoaxing (John Bull would call it humbugging) the public and insulting Majesty, that of the Royal Society of Literature is certainly the most impudent. It is now about four years since two or three literary adventurers got hold of a few wise-acres, with more money, and *perhaps* less wit, than themselves, and made them believe that literature and loyalty could never be combined in England unless a society was formed. We were told that the *higher* literature had mixed little with politics; but the minor agents of mischief had been very busy,—that 'the

war on morals, and the *healthful* allegiance of the English mind, had been desperate and unceasing;' and that although the battle had been nobly fought in the senate, yet 'the true place of combat was without the walls of the legislature,' since 'the battle must be fought, not by the sword, nor even by the tongue, but by the pen.' In order, then, to train men properly, to this war of the pen, we expected an academy of young politicians would have been formed; but here we found we were wrong, for a royal society was to be founded of men distinguished by their literary talents. We really then took the alarm, and suspected that some dire conspiracy against social order was on foot, for ten persons were put in immediate requisition, on a salary of 100 guineas a-year each, and all that at the expence of the King, for the preservation, as we supposed 'of his crown and dignity.' We watched anxiously for an explosion, but the storm blew over.

We next learned that premiums were to be offered, all of which we appropriated to some good purpose. One of these we expected would be for a steam-engine to put down radicalism; another for the best mode of removing Carlisle across the Atlantic, and a third for converting Cobbett into a methodist preacher.

Thus simply did we conjecture, when we found that 'the healthful allegiance of the English mind' was to be obtained by far different means—in short, by a dissertation on the age of Homer, and a poem on Dartmoor! The prize for the latter was awarded; but three other prizes that were offered remain still undecided upon; and we have now before us the poem of one of the candidates 'on the Fall of Constantinople,' by Jacob Jones, jun. of the Inner Temple, and late of Brasenose College, Oxford. It is accompanied by a preface, in which a very serious charge is brought against the society, no less than that of fraud, in having promised prizes for the *best* poems and essays delivered within such a time: and yet they have not only delayed to award them, but, after the prizes were offered, have actually withdrawn them, and substituted others.

Now as the candidates were numerous, and the premium was declared to be for the best, we conceive the society bound in honour to give it. The changing the prize from one hundred guineas to two medals is unfair. But the society went further; and, after candidates had made their best exertions to win the

prize, body, awarding their improvement the author at a Street, —and Litera-ject is quote, one of the cl answer the au on the 'Sir, the Co- ture an ability essays that t fully d Thi candic Mr. F tim e the w to 'in and t Societ anon.

THE MECH tory c ject w ciousl The to be on T Anch thous was t of the soniar Th mark appro tory C lass that the n they dersta tor, conqu three on th to an five h to say

prize, and had, at the suggestion of that body, taken advantage of the delay in awarding the premiums to withdraw their compositions, in order to alter or improve them, it was cruel to withdraw the prizes entirely, and tell the poor authors that their works were left at a bookseller's in Lamb's Conduit Street, where they might be called for;—and yet this the Royal Society of Literature has done. But as the subject is one to which we shall return, we quote, from Mr. Jones's preface, a copy of one of two letters of the secretary with the classical name—Mr. Cattermole, in answer to the candidates; and first to the author of one of the dissertations on the age of Homer:—

'Sir, I am directed to inform you, that the Council of the Royal Society of Literature are of opinion that much *industry* and ability have been shewn in some of the essays presented for the competition, but that they do not think any one of them fully deserving of the premium offered.'

This letter is addressed to the prose candidate; to the poetic expectant, Mr. Richard Cattermole writes verbatim et literatim, with the exception of the word '*industry*,' which is changed to '*ingenuity*,' in the address to the poet: and this is the treatment of the Royal Society of Literature! But of this more anon.

THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

THE establishment of an Institute for Mechanics will form an era in the history of the metropolis; and no project was ever commenced more auspiciously than the Mechanic's Institute. The first meeting, when the plan was to be proposed to the public, took place on Tuesday evening, at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, when upwards of two thousand persons assembled. The chair was taken by Dr. Birkbeck, the founder of the Mechanic's Class, in the Andersonian Institution, at Glasgow.

The worthy chairman, in a speech marked by good sense, eloquence, and appropriateness, recapitulated the history of the formation of the Mechanic's Class, at Glasgow, and the obstacles that it had to encounter. It was said, the mechanics would not attend, or, if they did, would not listen, or not understand; 'but,' says the worthy doctor, 'they came, they listened—they conquered,' and, he added, that, for three successive years, he gave lectures on the principles of natural philosophy, to an audience amounting to more than five hundred, which 'he would venture to say, had never been surpassed for or-

der, attention, and the power of comprehension.' The chairman then dwelt at some length on the advantages of a Mechanic's Institute in London, which he concluded by strongly recommending.

Mr. Robertson, one of the secretaries, then read a letter from Mr. Brougham, apologizing for his unavoidable absence, and enclosing 20l.

A series of resolutions, stating the proposed objects of the institute, were then read, and afterwards moved by Sheriff Laurie, Alderman Key, Mr. Martineau, the engineer, Mr. Rotch, barrister, Mr. R. Taylor, and Mr. J. Sydney Taylor, a young barrister, who, in a most eloquent and energetic speech, pointed out the advantages of education to society, when adapted to the habits and pursuits of individuals. A committee was appointed to prepare a set of laws and constitution for the government of the institution, which consisted principally of operative mechanics. The selection was not, perhaps, the most judicious, for the humble artisan can know little of the detail or arrangements necessary for forming an establishment of such importance as the Mechanic's Institute; but we can well appreciate the honourable and disinterested motive which prompted the selection, that of placing—the foundation and management of the society in the hands of the mechanics themselves.

Mr. J. C. Robertson and Mr. T. Hodgkin were appointed secretaries *pro tempore*.

MUSICAL LANGUAGE.

THE French, who claim the merit of every invention, boast of having discovered a new language, or a new system of musical tuition, which is at present all the rage in Paris, and is thus described in a letter from that capital:

'A M. Sudre teaches what he calls a musical language, which is applicable to every instrument. Persons of all nations may converse with each other in music in this way, without the trouble of learning to speak a language. In one of Mr. S.'s recent courses, a Turk, upon the flute, conversed for half an hour with a Frenchman, who played the fiddle. The latter, of course, knew the Turkish language upon principle, but not a word could he speak. This system may be very useful if generally adopted amongst well-informed musical persons in Europe, because we know it is easy to learn sufficiently of a language to form phrases in the course of a few months, but that it requires years to be able to utter them correctly or agreeably.'

M. Sudre's invention happens to be at least upwards of three centuries old: the Abbé Trithemius, a Benedictine, who

published two works entitled '*Polygraphia*' and '*Stenographia*,' distinctly notices a musical language as one of the means of holding a secret conversation. In his '*Epistle to Bosthius* in the year 1499,' he states that he could discourse '*ludendum in organo vel cantandum*' by playing on the organ or singing. The management of sounds in correspondence was also a favourite proposal of Bishop Wilkins, who says the ordinary notes of a musical instrument may be adapted '*for an universal language*, and the writing of them for an universal character,' and then, says he, 'there might be such a general language as should be equally speakable by all nations and people.' The bishop devotes a whole chapter to the subject of constituting a language consisting of tunes and musical notes without any articulate sound. 'If,' says he, 'the musical instrument that is used for this purpose be able to express the ordinary notes, not only according to their different tones, but their tunes also, then may each letter of the alphabet be rendered by a single sound; whence it will follow, that a man may frame a language consisting only of tunes, and such inarticulate sounds, as no letters can express, which kind of speech is fancied to be usual amongst the lunar inhabitants; who, as Domingo Gonsales hath discovered, have contrived the letters of the alphabet upon the notes after some such order.'

The eccentric Phillip Thicknesse, who was very industrious in constructing a musical cipher, says, 'it is certain that two musicians might, by a very little application, carry on a correspondence with their instruments; they are all in possession of the seven notes which express *a, b, c, d, e, f, g*: and know by ear exactly when any of those notes are toned; and they have only to settle a correspondence of tones for the remaining part of the alphabet: and thus a little practice might enable two fiddlers to carry on a correspondence which would greatly astonish those who did not know how the matter was conducted.' But Mr. Thicknesse goes much farther, and declares his firm conviction, that 'the words of a song may be conveyed by the harmony.'

Nor were the speculations of Trithemius, Bishop Wilkins, or Mr. Thicknesse, mere idle theories, for there is a striking instance on record of the application of a musical language, not constructed either by philosophers or musicians. It occurred in the prison of Olmutz, when the Marquis de la Fa-

yette and several of his countrymen were seized by the King of Prussia, and imprisoned in that fortress. Although each of the prisoners was kept solitary, yet their apartments were so constructed, that they were within hearing of each other, when standing at the windows of their respective chambers. To improve this advantage they thought of the following plan. There is at Paris a number of tunes, called airs of the Pont Neuf, or those popular ballads that were sung at corners of streets, and at other public places. The words belonging to these airs were so well known that to strike up a few of the notes, was to recal to memory the words that accompanied them. The captives at Olmutz gradually composed, for themselves, a vocal vocabulary, by whistling these notes at their windows; and this vocabulary, after a short time, became so complete, and even rich, that two or three notes from each air formed their alphabet, and effected their intercourse. By this means they communicated to each other news concerning their families, the progress of the war, &c.; and when, by good fortune, one of them had procured a gazette, he whistled the contents of it to his partners in suffering.

The commander of the fortress was constantly informed of those unaccountable concerts. He listened; he set spies; but the whole being a language of convention, the most practised musician would have failed in detecting the intention and real expression of the notes he heard. In vain was whistling prohibited; at length the Austrian, weary of conjecture, interposed no further to prevent what he could not comprehend.

So much then for the novelty of M. Sudre's invention. He has, however, the merit of its more extended application.

Original Poetry.

STANZAS

Addressed to an altered Lover.

I SAW thee frolic with the gay,
I saw thee thoughtful with the grave,
To each thou hadst the fitting say,
To all wast ever gentle,—save
One lovely and unhappy one,—
Why wert thou cold to her alone?
Was it because in evil hour,
She gave what she may ne'er regain;
Snatch'd from her bosom pleasure's flower,
And kept herself the thorn of pain?
A trusting, tender, sweet unthrift,—
She gave to thee her heart's best gift.
Thou didst not spurn the gem while new,
But proudly placed it on thy breast;
And now thou dost as ingrates do,

No longer new—no more carest.
Thou blightest thus her early youth,
By giving falsehood for her truth.
She may deserve some punishment,
For loving such a fickle fool;
But woman's mind is indolent,
And passion heeds not reason's rule;
But thou—whose cunning made her err,
Shouldst thou have been her punisher?
'Tis sweet to thee, perchance, to hear
Of peace destroyed, and fond hearts broken;
And mournful plaint, and sigh, and tear,
May each appear a pleasant token
Of amorous triumph,—but at last,
When these delusive dreams are past,—
When, tired of frail and fleeting bliss,
Thy heart shall look for love and truth,—
Oh, then, in such an hour as this,
The wronged shall be avenged in sooth:
Unblest, unvalued, shalt thou sigh,
Unloved and unlamented die.

J. W. DALBY.

Fine Arts.

RUTTER'S FONTHILL.

(Concluded from p. 716.)

HAVING enumerated, and made our comments upon, the embellishments of this work, we proceed—and we hope the task will not be considered as an ungracious or invidious one, or as in the least arising from any wish to disparage either the present work or its predecessor,—we proceed to point out a few other features of the edifice, which, although of somewhat minor importance to those hitherto delineated, still require to be taken. In so doing, we shall at least show that *too much* has not hitherto been done, but that there are still very ample materials for further illustration. Among the principal *desiderata*, we reckon the following: viz. a section from east to west, showing the admeasurements of the grand western hall, and the apartments in the eastern branch of the edifice; a ground plan, to show the libraries, &c. on that floor; another plan, through the upper part of the octagon, with the nunneries, Lancaster apartment, &c.; a view within the court, and others of the yellow drawing-rooms, tribune, sanctuary, oratory, Lancaster gallery, oak parlour, &c. We do not conceive that we at all exaggerate, when we say that at least fifty or sixty drawings are required to give any thing approaching a complete illustration of so complex a structure as Fonthill Abbey, and one so rich in varied architectural scenery and details. Many of the external parts would demand to be represented more minutely than they can possibly be in a general view.

Independently of the interest of the plates, Mr. Rutter's work maintains its

pre-eminence over its rival publication, in the literary and descriptive portion, in which it is much more full, systematic, and complete. By a novel and judicious contrivance, the details respecting the architecture, furniture, pictures, and heraldic ornaments of each apartment, and its dimensions, are placed under the respective initial of A. F. P. and H. so as not to interfere with the more general remarks, but leave it to the reader to peruse or pass by them at pleasure. This arrangement, which we consider a very happy one, greatly facilitates our research respecting any of these particulars; at the same time these particulars themselves must be allowed to be highly interesting, as they serve to record the magnificence and taste of the founder and original possessor of this unique mansion. How invaluable will the information here treasured up prove to future collectors, antiquarians, and admirers of virtue. The mention of these naturally calls to mind Horace Walpole; and we cannot help pausing for a moment, to conjecture what would have been his alternate raptures and mortification, could he have beheld Fonthill, and compared the structure and its contents with his own little Strawberry-hill of hybrid, *soi-disant* Gothic. What an overwhelming shock must it have been to his self-complacency! He must have felt just as he would have done, could he have compared one of the Waverley novels with his own arid, meagre romance of Otranto. We know of nothing that could have saved him from a feeling of utter annihilation, had he not luckily consoled his self-love, by recollecting the maxim we have before quoted, that '*le mieux est l'ennemi du bien.*' But what a pang to a mind like his, to have been forced to resign to another the palm of taste and of virtue! We feel that to digress is our failing or our merit,—for we leave it to our readers to assign to this propensity which of the two terms they please:—therefore, like an idle school-boy, whose eye, after having studied the blank ceiling, suddenly darts again to his book with an air of affected attention, we also, anticipating the censure of the reader for thus detaining him from the work we are noticing, demurely fix our eyes once more on the pages of Mr. Rutter; and, by way of peace-offering for our own flippancy and impertinent sallies, we present the reader with some extracts from the tome before us. The following general observations, which are exceedingly pertinent and judicious, will

convey an idea of the writer's discrimination, and of his competence to his task :—

‘In all designs for the interior of residences on a very large scale, it always has been, and still continues to be, the practice to devote some part to the display of architectural magnificence. This generally is confined to the entrance hall; sometimes is carried so far as the saloon; and the principal staircase is combined with one or both of these: but, unless we add the comfortless perspective through doors opening opposite to each other, the instances are very rare, where any thing more is attempted. All the apartments beyond, although perhaps very finely proportioned, and judiciously decorated, are generally so injured by the colossal dimensions, costly materials, and elaborate ornament of the approaches, as to have an air of diminutiveness, poverty, and neglect. This is a great defect of judgment—an anticlimax which ought to be banished, but whose universality is so complete, that probably Fonthill Abbey is the only exception existing. In this building—with what sacrifice of domestic comfort we shall afterwards inquire, the late possessor has devoted the whole, except the offices in the basement, and a few attics, to the splendid purpose of producing a succession of architectural scenes of infinite variety. In selecting the design of an abbey, and what appears to be the most sacred part of an abbey, for a residence—in placing, in close neighbourhood, styles of more than one age and country, and in the violation of many of those little common-places of supposed propriety, the late possessor and his architect will, no doubt, be thought amenable to censure by some persons; but how few will they be compared to the thousands who have poured out their tribute of admiration, and even astonishment, at the novelty, beauty, and grandeur of the effects which have been created by this bold departure from the common road!

‘In one or two royal palaces in the world, there may be single scenes of greater extent and grandeur than any one at Fonthill Abbey; but, among them all, has imagination yet produced any thing to be compared with the grand saloon, its fourfold vistas, its purple light, and its superb altitude! Where, too, it may be asked, is there a scene created by art more affectingly solemn than the oratory; or more stately than the western hall; or more beautiful than the south oriel?’

After some observations on the varieties of style, the author says,—

‘These departures from the rigid rules of the art, so evident throughout the whole of Fonthill Abbey, have been, and will be fatal to those who presume to exercise the profession of an architect without genius and matured judgment; but, when this rare union does exist, and they are employed on a work deserving their attention, how delightful it is to watch their god-like creations, to see the spirit and characteristics of a style never for a moment neglected, and

its subtle essence always preserved without the nauseating repetitions of its models and its mannerism.’

The length to which this article has already extended, almost forbids us to indulge in farther extract, yet we cannot forbear laying before our readers the ‘Memoranda of the Origin and Progress of Fonthill Abbey,’ from the Appendix, certain that it will be perused with interest.

‘Up to the year 1795 the master passion or ruling taste for architectural splendour, which characterizes the late possessor of Fonthill Abbey, appears to have lain dormant, or at least confined itself to some inconsiderable improvements in the mansion erected by his father. About the period mentioned his attention seems to have been directed to the erection of a tower upon the summit of the highest hill on the east, the foundation of which had been laid by the late alderman, after a design similar to the celebrated tower of Alfred at Stourhead; viz. triangular, with a turret at each angle. It was, however, never completed; and it is probable that the numerous visits which the proposed erection of the Beacon Hill rendered necessary, the great attractions of the present site of the abbey, its convenience, and above all to a lover of natural beauty and extensive scenery, the luxury of a “lodge in the free wilderness,” might have pressed so strongly on the attention of Mr. Beckford as to produce the order which, in the year 1796 was received by Mr. Wyatt, his architect, to make a design for an intended structure which should contain a suite of rooms small but amply sufficient for the enjoyment of a day, whether of “sunshine, or of shower.” Its external character was to be that of a convent partly in ruins and partly perfect; and probably nothing could have been more happy than the embodied idea which the architect laid before his patron. At once elegant, appropriate, and intelligible, its beauty and fitness were instantly felt, and its effect impossible to be mistaken. The chapel, the parlour, the dormitory, and one small cloister, alone appeared to have survived the period which had buried the refectory, the kitchen, and every other part of the edifice in one common ruin; and it was perhaps to the very excellence of the original design, that we may ascribe the cause of its not being carried into execution. His ideas having thus assumed a “local habitation and a name,” a new area was opened for the vigorous and excursive imagination of Mr. Beckford, the unlimited range of which imposed continual and increased demands on the skill and attention of the architect, who, during the winter of 1796-7, appears to have been almost wholly occupied in the formation and completion of a series of designs, comprising the grand octagon of the present structure, and the whole of the building to the south and west of it. The style of architecture of the original plan was, however, never lost sight of in the various progressive additions, and although the situation of one of the principal members was

altered, it was only that it might be placed in a more distinguished and conspicuous point of view. The general arrangement of the plan in this design is, therefore, nearly the same as we now find it in the abbey, though a few of the apartments may have changed their destination, and some others their names. The west yellow drawing-room and gothic cabinet were then the chamber and dressing-room of the proprietor; the great octagon was a chapel; and the western entrance a dining-hall, having no communication with the octagon, except that a tribune or gallery overlooked it, from which it might be presumed the lectures were to be delivered, as was usual during meals, in all monastic establishments. Notwithstanding the magnitude of the plan no idea of the durability which attaches to a permanent dwelling was ever entertained—no residence appears to have been then or for many years after intended; and even if it had been, it is probable the eager impatience of Mr. Beckford would hardly then have borne the necessarily slow progress of a work of such dimensions, when composed of solid materials, and designed for posterity. Timber and cement were, therefore, the principal articles in its construction, and every expedient was used to complete the building within a given time, regardless of the consequences that might almost have been expected to ensue. Neither the still hour of night, nor the accustomed day of rest from labour—the gathering in of the harvest, or even the wishes of the greatest personage in the kingdom, were allowed to interfere with or delay, for one hour, the progress of the work. One immediate consequence of this injudicious haste was the destruction of the first tower, which was carried up to an extraordinary height without time being allowed to complete the fastenings of it to the base on which it was erected; a smart gust of wind acting suddenly upon a large flag attached to a scaffold pole at its summit carried it off at its base altogether. The fall was tremendous and sublime, and the only regret expressed by Mr. Beckford upon the occasion was, that he had not witnessed its destruction. He then instantly gave orders for the erection of a new tower. Gigantic as was the stride from the original design of the “convent in ruins” to the convent we have attempted to portray, (an appellation it preserved for several years) the appetite of its founder remained unsatisfied, and in the two following years the erection of King Edward’s gallery had been commenced, to carry on the amazing perspective which yet scarcely dawned in the library (the present St. Michael’s gallery), and great advances were made in the completion of the rooms to the south.

‘In the year 1807 the proprietor removed to Fonthill Abbey, the title now for the first time given to the new residence; and the materials of the splendid mansion erected by the late Alderman Beckford, with great part of its contents were consigned to the hammer. The want of a large establish-

ment distributed over a building so eccentric in its character soon demanded further additions. Towers were erected or heightened to create chambers; and offices on the plan of those at Glastonbury Abbey were designed for the greater convenience of the inhabitants. All attempts to warm the great hall sufficiently for its intended use as a refectory, proving ineffectual, the apartment was finally devoted to the less important though more effective purpose of a state entrance to the chapel. To obtain sufficient depth for this object the original hall was increased in its dimensions; the tribune, which separated the hall from the octagon, and the vast fire-place (the remains of which still exist under the statue) were removed, and the present flight of steps at the east end introduced: these alterations were completed about 1809-10. The disposition of the several parts of the chapel in the original design had been made with great skill and effect—the plan of this part of the present structure was that of a Latin cross, the largest arm of which was occupied by the library, the three shorter branches radiating from the chapel: in the first, opposite the library, a large painted window, filled with scriptural subjects, was intended to be placed; the altar was to have been erected in the eastern recess; and the organ over the tribune between the chapel and the hall. The present tribune was a chantry dedicated to St. Thomas a Becket, and above it was an apartment called the Revelation Chamber, from the subjects proposed for the painted window, several of the designs for which, from the Apocalypse, were prepared by the late president of the Royal Academy.

We have no room for farther comment; nor is it necessary, for the extracts we have just given will convince our readers how varied and gratifying an intellectual banquet is here prepared for the admirers of the fine arts.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

IN consequence of the avowed 'inefficiency' of the rooms at the Royal Academy for the purpose of a general exhibition, together with the very unseasonable period in which the British Institution is devoted to the interests of modern art, this Society has been formed for the erection of an extensive Gallery for the annual exhibition and sale of the works of living artists of the United Kingdom, in the various branches of painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving. The Gallery, which is on the eve of completion, and will open the ensuing spring, will be entered by a handsome doric portico, in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, East, and consists of a suite of six rooms, well proportioned, and severally adapted to the various departments of art. The profits of the Institution will merge into a general fund

for the relief of distressed artists, their widows, and orphans, and will extend to other laudable objects.

The Drama AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—The attractions of the *Cataract of the Ganges* are not lessened by repetition, for it still draws great houses, and, with a judicious selection of pieces to precede it, an excellent house is always obtained at first price. The popularity of the *Winter's Tale* proves, that, with good acting, Shakspeare has admirers enough to fill a house, without resorting to those metretrophic substitutes — melo-dramas, which ought never to form the principal piece at a Theatre Royal.

On Thursday, Miss Lee's comedy of the *Chapter of Accidents* was performed. It is founded on Diderot's *Père de Famille*, from which, however, it materially differs. The play is a sort of compromise between comedy and farce, and was admirably performed. The genuine humour of Dowton's Governor Harcourt, the simplicity and awkwardness of Liston's Jacob Gawkey, and the loquacity, pertness, and unbridled curiosity of Mrs. Orger, in Bridget, formed an excellent treat. Miss L. Kelly sustained the part of the sorrowing Cecilia with much feeling. Mr. Browne, who is taking a high rank in the lighter parts of genteel comedy, played Vane with much ease and vivacity. The comedy, which has been a favorite, for, we believe, forty years, was much applauded.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—As if one melo-drama was not enough, in all conscience, for one evening, an attempt was made to introduce a second, on Thursday, entitled the *Ferry of the Guisers*; the attempt, however, failed; although it may be repeated, yet it will be in defiance of the decision of the audience, who unequivocally condemned it.

Our play-going friends will miss many favorites from the London stage this summer. Oxberry, who is an excellent actor, and stands high with the public, we find is going to the Surrey Theatre, where a new version of the *Miller's Maid* is getting up to afford him the opportunity of playing Giles. He is, we understand, previously engaged to play for a few nights at Cheltenham and Gloucester in the characters of Tyke, Mawworm, and Peter Fin, when he will have the powerful support of that delightful comic actress Mrs. Davison.

Mr. Pearman, Mr. Conway, and Mr. Decamp, all excellent in their respective lines, are gone to America.

Literature and Science.

Historical Letters.—A curious and valuable collection of original letters and autographs, written during the sixteenth century, is said to have recently been brought from Holland. The original letters contain, among numerous others, several from the hand of Elizabeth of England, and of Elizabeth of Bohemia (addressed chiefly to the Lady Killigrew), of Charles the Second, James, and several of Lord Leicester's. The portfolio, indeed, relating to England, forms such a mass of curious antiquity, in excellent preservation, as cannot fail to be extremely interesting both to the antiquarian and the historian. The foreign correspondence contains original letters from the most distinguished persons on the continent, and are as valuable as those relating to England. The autographs are mostly bound up in splendid volumes, and each page contains a motto and dedicatory address of all the great men who happened to come within the reach of the original collector's acquaintance, illustrated with curious illuminated pages, descriptive of many events in history.—*Daily paper.*

Washington Irving, who has been on the Continent for some time, is said to be nearly prepared for showing to the public that he has not been idle. He remained some time at Versailles, and made a tour through Germany, where he has composed an ample sketch book.

Gas.—On the 20th ult. the town of Abergavenny was for the first time lighted with gas, upon a new and improved method, recently discovered by the engineer, Mr. Simeon Broadmeadow. This discovery promises considerable advantage to gas establishments, by superseding the use of the retort and purifier, as the common coke or coal tar even answers the purpose of the retort, and the purifier is rendered altogether useless. By the method adopted by Mr. Broadmeadow, the quantity of inflammable gas is increased full one-third, and, by the action of atmospheric air, rendered perfectly pure and free from sulphur. This undoubtedly is one of the greatest discoveries hitherto made in the manufacture of gas, and may be equally applied to gas manufactured from oil, as well as that manufactured from coal; and as the advantages likely to result from the discovery are about to be secured by a patent to the inventor, it may not at present be prudent to give any further explanation.—*Gloicester Journal.*

Latitude.—An instrument has been invented for finding the latitude at once, without the help of logarithms or calculation, from two observations, taken at any time of the day.

The inventor of this instrument, Joseph Bordwine, Esq. Professor of Fortification at the East India Company's Military College at Addiscombe, has taken out a patent for

his disc
have iss
hencefo
their m
nautical
in the r
the sol
navigat
latitude
other ce
the day
attentio
past, wi
of calcul
present
calculat
itself.
(the gre
having
about c
scales
observe
for the
usual in
also a
for the
tions.
day it s
verniers
brought
immedi

1. Th
tion, to
2. Th
observa
with a
of longi
3. Th
with a c
ation o

The
four mi
tion rec
dip, ref
like for
Almana
servatio
must ta
problem
or by in

Two
any ma
London

Ger
marriage
all appe
themse
this: fo
child, i
but our
or grie
then v
enough
notices
manner
in Ger
'On
be forg
tenant
wick, d
deeply
dren.
the eve

his discovery, and the Court of Directors have issued orders that this instrument be henceforth used throughout the whole of their naval department. Mr. Bordwine's nautical instrument is intended to put within the reach of every commander of a vessel, the solution of that important problem in navigation, viz. the determination of the latitude by two observations of the sun, or other celestial body, taken at any period of the day,—a problem which has engaged the attention of scientific men for a long time past, with the view of rendering the forms of calculation more simple than they are at present. The instrument does away with calculation altogether, giving the results, in itself. It is formed of four circular arcs (the greatest about nine inches in diameter) having a common centre, and traversing about each other. On two of these are scales for the declination of the object observed, and on the other two, scales for the altitudes, which are taken by the usual instruments, quadrant, &c. There is also a fourth semi-circle, fixed in position, for the time elapsed between the observations. In working it, the declination for the day it set off, the time adjusted,—and the verniers, marking the observed altitudes, brought together, when the instrument will immediately show,—

1. The latitude of the place of observation, to 15" of a degree.

2. The distance in time from noon of either observation, to 2" of time, which compared with a chronometer will give the difference of longitude.

3. The true azimuth, which, compared with a compass bearing, will give the variation of the magnetic pole.

The operation may take about three or four minutes, there being no other calculation required than the usual corrections for dip, refraction, &c. in the altitudes; and the like for the declination from the Nautical Almanack, to adapt it to the place of observation; these being reductions which must take place under any solution of the problem, whether by the calculated forms, or by instrument.

Two or three hours' instruction will make any master of a vessel competent to use it.—*London Magazine.*

German Newspapers—Notices of births, marriages, and deaths, in the German papers, all appear as advertisements from the parties themselves. There is at least sincerity in this: for a husband, a wife, a father, or a child, may regret the death of a relative; but our London editors never either rejoice or grieve, unless they are paid for it; and then we find their feelings susceptible enough. The following translation of some notices of German papers, will show the manner in which these matters are ordered in Germany:—

'On the 6th of this month, my never-to-be forgotten husband, A. Selmitz, first lieutenant in the service of the Duke of Brunswick, died of an inflammation of the brain, deeply lamented by me and my three children. I notify my friends and relatives of the event, but beg that they will make no

attempt at consolation, as it will increase the proper sorrow which I feel.

'Evelina Selmitz, formerly Behrens.
'Braunschweig, June 8th, 1823.'

'On Friday evening died after long sufferings, my never-to-be-forgotten wife, Eleanor Wilhelmina, by maiden name Shultz, in the 35th of our happy marriage. Of this loss, so great to me and my children, I hereby dutifully inform my friends and acquaintances.

'John Christian Klanche.

'Luchow, June 17th, 1823.'

'We dutifully inform our relatives of our being betrothed.

'Mary Ann Bassenge.

'Henry Beer.

'Dresden, May 20th, 1823.'

'I hereby respectfully acquaint my distant friends and relatives of the betrothal of my daughter, Frederica, to the comedian Mr. Hoffman.

J. C. Crampe.

'Stiefswald, May 10th.'

'We hereby have the honour to inform absent relations and friends, that our marriage took place on the 27th of May.

'H. L. Schilder.

'A. M. W. Von Schilder,

'Horst, 1823.

formerly Buchman.'

'We hereby have the honour dutifully to inform our friends and relatives, that our marriage took place on the 23d. inst.

Augustus Von Laffert.

'Branziw, May 27th. Julia Von Laffert.'

'This day, my beloved wife, by maiden name Schultz, was happily delivered of a healthy girl.

'G. S. H. Siemers, jun.

'Hamburg, May 30th.'

'Early yesterday morning, my wife, by maiden name Winkelman, was safely delivered of a boy, of which I dutifully notify relations and friends. William Bertollet.

'Magdeburgh, June 18th.'

Shakspeare Prize Poem.—The managers of the Boston Theatre, intending to exhibit, in the course of the ensuing winter, a pageant, in commemoration of Shakspeare, have offered a gold medal, of the value of fifty dollars, for the best ode or poem, to be recited on the occasion. It is desirable that the composition should not be less than fifty, nor more than one hundred lines, in length. The medal will be awarded by a committee of ten gentlemen. Every piece offered for the prize, must be accompanied by a sealed paper, containing the name and residence of the author.—Communications must be addressed, post paid, to 'the managers of the theatre, Boston, United States,' previous to the first day of December next.

A New Barometer.—Take a common phial bottle and cut off the rim and part of the neck. This may be done by a piece of string, or rather whip-cord, twisted round it and pulled strongly by two persons in a sawing position, one of whom holds the bottle firmly in his left hand. Heated in a few minutes by the friction of the string, and then dipped suddenly into cold water, the bottle will be decapitated more easily than by any other means.

Let the phial be now nearly filled with pump water, and applying the finger to its mouth, turn it quickly upside down; on removing the finger, it will be found that only a few drops escape. Without cork or stopper of any kind, the water will be retained within the bottle by the pressure of the external air; the weight of air without the phial being so much greater than the small quantity within it.

Now let a bit of tape be tied round the middle of the bottle, to which the two ends of the string may be attached so as to form a loop to hang on a nail: let it be thus suspended in a perpendicular manner, with the mouth open, downwards, and this is the barometer.

When the weather is fair, and inclined to be so, the water will be level with the section of the neck, or rather elevated above it, and forming a concave surface. When disposed to be wet, a drop will appear at the mouth, which will enlarge till it falls, and then another drop, while the humidity of the atmosphere continues.

To the truth of this experiment, I can give my *probatum est*, but shall be glad if any of your scientific correspondents will explain more particularly the *ratio* of it.

Why will not the water remain in the bottle, unless the rim be cut off? which is the fact. *Why should the water drop* in moist weather, when (as I have tried) holding the bottle before the fire will produce the same effect?—*Calcutta Journal.*

New Theory of the Earth.—This is the age of speculations, in science as well as in commerce; and he is a poor philosopher indeed who has not some new conjecture on the way the world was made, though Sir Richard Phillips believes he has settled the point long ago; but, however cogent his reasons are, that they are not convincing to every one is evident, from there being new theories started.

At a meeting of the Hull Literary and Philosophical Society, held at their room above the Exchange, on Monday se'nnight, Dr. Alderson read a very ingenious paper, developing a new theory of the formation of the earth. The Doctor supposes the earth to have been originally a transparent globe, containing all the materials of which it is composed in solution; that by certain operations of the sun's rays upon the globular fluid, the different affinities were gradually destroyed, the solid matter, according to its solidity, receding to the centre, stratum super stratum, whilst the lighter or gaseous particles took their position on the outside. The first appearance of organized life was in this fluid, consisting of fishes of all grades. From these was produced calcareous matter, which gradually rose above the surface of the surrounding aqueous medium, on which grew mosses, lichens, and plants of that description, originating a soil fit for a better description of plants and vegetables, a state followed by the creation of a higher race of animals and man.—Mountains, rivers, valleys, and other varieties on the face of the globe, are accounted for by a course of reasoning. After the deluge a great change

is supposed to have taken place in the atmosphere, deduced from the appearance of the rainbow, of which there is no mention before the flood. This change produced disease and shortened life, the length of which, antecedent to the flood, is ascribed to the purity of the air, which will also account for the size of many antediluvian animals. His theory, the doctor maintains, is perfectly reconcilable with the Mosaic account of the creation.—At this meeting, Dr. C. Alderson was elected an honorary member.

The Bee.

Why is a kiss given to an old woman in the dark like a species of fire-arms?—Because it is a *blunder-buss*.

Anecdote of Dr. Baillie.—The late lamented Dr. Baillie was allowed to be the most attentive man to his patients in the profession. Nothing annoyed the doctor so much as to be sent for to attend trifles or fancied illness. Upon one occasion, about two or three years since, he was called very late one evening to attend Lady H—, he immediately repaired to the house, was admitted, and found the lady in apparent good health. The doctor, however, prescribed a gentle opiate, evidently endeavouring to conceal his chagrin; he then made his retreat. He had scarcely reached the bottom of the stairs when Miss H— called from above, 'Dr. Baillie, pray, may mamma eat oysters for supper?' 'Oh, dear, yes, miss,' was the reply, 'shells and all if she pleases!'

Puffing in Australasia.—The following puff appeared in the 'Sidney (New South Wales) Gazette' of Feb. 6, 1823:—

'Many people have advised me to advertise the good qualities of my colonial beer, but I cannot be led to do so—let it speak for itself.

MATTHEW BACON.

'The porter brewing will commence in the month of April.'

During the late Peninsula war, two English soldiers were standing together, smoking their pipes, when their attention was suddenly arrested by a bomb-shell, thrown near them from the enemy's camp. This was a moment to shew 'cool courage.' One, therefore, knocked the ashes from his pipe, re-filled it, and exclaimed, 'Jack, I'll bet thee a ration I light my pipe at that fusee,' pointing at the same time to the shell, the fusee of which was evidently far spent. 'Done,' cried the other, 'I'll bet thee.' The challenger accordingly walked up the shell, lighted his pipe, and then deliberately stamped his foot upon the fusee to extinguish it! His comrade, who was close at his elbow, now burst out into an amazing fit of passions—cursing him by all the saints in the calendar—not for winning the wager, but for putting out the fusee before he had lighted his own pipe!

Memory.—Perhaps the most remarkable instance on record of the power of me-

mory, is one related of William Lion, a strolling player, who wagered a crown bowl of punch that he would repeat a 'Daily Advertiser,' a paper then crammed with advertisements, from beginning to end. The next morning, notwithstanding the want of connexion between the paragraphs, the variety of advertisements, and the general chaos which goes to the composition of a newspaper, he repeated it from beginning to end without the least hesitation or mistake.

What's in a Name?—We have many singular names in England, but in America they rival us. What are we to think of a regular physician, at New York, of the name of Dr. Quackenboss. The first syllable might have endangered his reputation, but it has not done so.

Patrick Henry.—The celebrated patriot and orator, Patrick Henry, who had so large a share in the independence of the United States, left the following testimony in favour of the Christian religion in his will:

'I have now disposed of all my property to my family; there is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is the *Christian Religion*. If they had that, and I had not given them one shilling, they would be rich; and if they had not that, and I had given them all the world, they would be poor.'

Epitaph.—The following epitaph was written on John Coxyer, draper and alderman, who died March 21, 1661:—

'A conscience free, unstained by sin,
Is brass without, and gold within.'

But as this Coxyer was the first exciseman in the place, and that officer was not very popular, a wag subjoined—

'A conscience free he never had;
'His brass was naught—his gold was bad.'

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

A 'Memoir of the late Dr. Cartwright,' and the concluding notice of Meyrick's valuable work on 'Ancient Armour,' in our next.

Anglicanus is requested to send to our office for a letter.

Gregory is informed that a poem of 1500 lines, is too long for our pages, where variety is required.

'Fame's Guiding Star,' and the favours of X., F. G., and Henricus, shall have early insertion.

This day is published, 8vo. price 5s. 6d.

A LEGEND OF RAVENS-

WOOD; and other POEMS.

By THOMAS MAUDE, Esq. A. B. Oxon.
Printed for J. Hatchard and Son, 187, Piccadilly.

BLACKSTONE'S COMMENTARIES INTER-
PRETED.—8vo. price 9s. boards.
Just published.

A TRANSLATION of all the GREEK, LATIN, FRENCH, and ITALIAN SENTENCES and QUOTATIONS in BLACKSTONE'S COMMENTARIES, on the LAWS of ENGLAND, as also those in the Notes of CHRISTIAN, ARCHBOLD, and WILLIAMS.

Published by C. Reader, Law Bookseller, 29, Bell Yard, Lincoln's Inn; M. A. Nattali, 24, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden; I. Carfrae, Edinburgh; and R. Milliken, Dublin.—Of whom may be had just published, COTTU on the ADMINISTRATION of CRIMINAL JUSTICE in ENGLAND.

ILLUMINATED POCKET-BOOK.

This day is published, most tastefully fitted up in an Embossed Case, with an external Emblazoned Title Page, price 12s.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING; or, the ANNUAL REMEMBRANCER: a Christmas Present and New Year's Gift for the Year 1824. This little volume, in addition to the usual Pocket-Book information, contains a series of highly-finished Continental Views, by Artists of the first eminence, two very splendid embossed Title Pages, a Presentation Plate, and other Embellishments. It contains, also, in addition to much other interesting matter, a New Tale of Temper, and several Original Pieces of Poetry, by Mrs. Opie; Songs, Quadrilles, &c. &c. The whole forms a most elegant, useful, and interesting present for the approaching Season, and is intended to imitate the long and highly celebrated Continental Pocket-Books.
Printed for Lupton Relfe, 13, Cornhill.

This day is published, in 12mo. price 8s. boards,
A COMPLETE SYSTEM OF COOKERY, on a Plan entirely new; consisting of an extensive and original Collection of Receipts in Cookery, Confectionary, &c. with Bills of Fare for every Day in the Year. To which are now added, Tables of Articles in Season, and the Mode of Dressing Turtle (never before given in any Work of the kind), Bills of Fare for Deserts, and a Series of Receipts and Bills of Fare of Economical Dishes, to suit the most Private Families.

By JOHN SIMPSON.

London: Printed for Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy; Hatchard and Son; W. Anderson; Rodwell and Martin; J. Booker; T. Hughes; and Simpkin and Marshall.

. This work comprises the result of the Author's Practice and Experience in the service of the late Marquis of Buckingham, and includes Entertainments given to the Prince of Wales and other Royal Personages. The Bills of Fare are displayed in Tables exactly as the Dishes were placed; and exhibit a rich variety, which may be advantageously consulted for selection for less splendid Tables. The Bills of Fare for Deserts are quite a novel feature.

This day are published, in 2 vols. 8vo. price £1 14s.
ELEMENTS OF EXPERIMENTAL CHEMISTRY.

By WILLIAM HENRY, M. D. F. R. S., &c.

The Ninth Edition, enlarged and recomposed throughout. Illustrated with ten plates, by Lowry, and numerous wood cuts.

London: printed for Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy. By whom also is published, in 8vo. price 12s. with plates,

The USE of the BLOWPIPE in Chemical Analysis; and in the Examination of Minerals, by J. J. Berzelius, Member of the Academy of Sciences of Stockholm, &c. Translated from the French of M. Fresnel, by J. G. Children, FRS. L. & E.—FLS MGS., &c. With a Sketch of Berzelius' System of Mineralogy; a Synoptic Table of the Principal Characters of the Pure Earths and Metallic Oxides before the Blowpipe; and numerous Notes and Additions by the Translator.

PIANO-FORTES WARRANTED.

W. PINNOCK most respectfully begs leave to acquaint the Public, that in consequence of his extensive arrangements for manufacturing Piano-Fortes, he is enabled to submit for their inspection, a great variety of excellent SQUARE, COTTAGE, HARMONIC, CABINET, GRAND CABINET, and HORIZONTAL GRAND PIANOS, made of the very best and well-seasoned materials, on the most liberal terms—Old Instruments taken in Exchange.—Piano-Fortes of superior quality let out on hire.—Descriptive Lists to be had gratis, by applying at the Warehouse, No. 267, St. Clement's Church Yard, Strand.

All Piano-Fortes manufactured by W. P. are warranted; and where the most perfect satisfaction is not given, the party is at liberty to exchange any Instrument within three months, or even at any period, on payment of the hire and expenses.

N. B. A liberal credit given, where the parties are known to be respectable.

London:—Published by Davidson, at No. 2, Surrey Street, Strand, where advertisements are received, and communications 'for the Editor' (post paid) are to be addressed. Sold also by Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court; Ray, Creed Lane; Ridgway, Piccadilly; H. and W. Smith, 42, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, and 192, Strand; Booth, Duke Street, Portland Place; Chapple, Pall Mall; by the Booksellers at the Royal Exchange; Sutherland, Calton Street, Edinburgh; Griffin and Co., Glasgow; and by all other Booksellers and News-vendors.—Printed by G. Davidson, in Old Boswell Court, Carey Street.